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# COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES

*Devoted to Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.*

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"WHO ARE YOU," SHE ASKED IN ALARM, "AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?" (See page 5.)  
(From *Adrift in New York or Tom and Florence Braving the World.* By *Horatio Alger, Jr.*)  
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## PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL.

Holman F. Day, First Prize.  
George H. Smith, Second Prize.  
Marion Penn Lane, Third Prize.

## Cupid and Cap. Gregg.

Love's Wandering Astray, being Episode  
Number Three.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

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## SYNOPSIS.

(Synopsis. Cap. Skote Gregg of Hobb's Harbor, Me., master of the coaster Susan P. Gregg, meets a fascinating widow while visiting his cousin in Newport, R. I. He shows such attentions to her that his cousin's wife threatens to inform her old friend, Sophy Maxwell in Hobb's Harbor, to whom Cap. Gregg has been engaged for thirty years. The captain, on his next visit to Newport, sends his man of all work of the schooner to carry a message to the widow. The young man, who is offended because the captain is betraying Sophy Maxwell, returns with the alarming message that the widow is married again and that her husband is in full chase. The Susan is hustled out of Newport Harbor and all sail is made for the coast of Maine. On the way, after the captain asserts over and over that he is glad that he has found out in time what a deceiver the widow is, Seth, the crew, confesses that he "only made believe" go to the widow's house. He imagined from what the captain was saying that he was cured of his infatuation. But Gregg chases the boy up the mast and he is still clinging in the rigging when the captain works the schooner single handed into Hobb's Harbor.)



HE arrival of the Susan P. Gregg was an event at Hobb's Harbor, because nearly every one in village expected some sort of package by her. Cap. Gregg always sailed for New York loaded with commissions.

She had been sighted off Cow Nubble and the populace was down to the wharf in numbers.

"That air Seth is actin' blame queer aboard the Susan," commented Uncle Jote Wall, peering

under his hand. "He's squatting up there in the top and he hain't turnin' his head to help handle ship."

This attitude of Seth became more noticeable as the Susan was brought to her moorings. He remained motionless. Occasionally there was a bit of a dialogue between him and the skipper. The words were inaudible, but all noticed that at the close of the discourse Cap. Gregg always shook his fist at the fellow aloft.

When the Susan had sogged in near enough to be hailed, Uncle Jote Wall quavered out over the waters, "Hey, Cap'n of the Susan Gregg, ahoy! What ye got in your riggin'? Mother Carey's chicken?"

"Naw, it's a henhawk," bawled back the skipper. "Anybody got a gun?"

But the crowd on the wharf thought it was all a joke and laughed. It looked more serious when, after making all tidy as best he could, the skipper came ashore in the only boat and left Seth still clinging aloft. They could hear what he yelled back to the culprit this time.

"You mis'able finback shark!" shouted Gregg, again shaking his fist. "Git ashore as best ye can and when ye do git ashore remember I'm lookin' for ye. There's one lickin' due ye now. If ye let on what it's about I'll kill ye. Now that's fair warnin'."

"What's all the touse between you and Seth about," questioned Uncle Jote Wall while Capt. Skote was shaking hands on the wharf.

"It's private business 'twixt him and me," returned Skote shortly. "Tain't anything for any of ye to be askin' questions about, not unless ye want to rile me—and ye know what I am when I'm riled."

There had been occasions in the village when Capt. Skote Gregg had been "riled" and his neighbors remembered them. They forebore therefore to ask questions, that is, of Cap. Gregg, but at last, when the skipper had trudged away up the hill to his house, a man brought the trembling Seth ashore in a dory, the questions were fired at him broadside. But Seth backed away from the throng on the wharf, every now and then throwing an apprehensive eye over his shoulder towards the skipper's house as though he expected that worthy and wrathful individual to come bolting down the hill like a Bengal tiger.

"Go right away from me," cried Seth, flapping his hands in protest. "I'm in all the trouble I want to be without any more help. I hain't goin' to say a word to no one. 'Tain't no one's bus'ness."

"We'll stand behind ye," said Chep Grant, "if the skipper's tryin' to bulldoze ye. We won't let him hurt ye."

"That's all right to make talk that wa—"

whined Seth. "But none of ye won't git 'round till after the hurtin' 's all over and then ye'll take it out in puttin' flowers on my coffin and sayin' how too bad it was. No, I tell ye! Don't ask me no more questions and I won't tell ye no more lies."

He escaped and ran away to his home. He was no more communicative to his own relatives.

It can be easily understood how the mysterious falling out between Gregg and Seth became the absorbing topic of the village. And the eternal skirmish drill between the skipper and his "crew" also excited the populace. Whenever the captain walked about his place he kept his eye out for the recalcitrant crew. Seth never went sharply around a corner. He always took a wide swing and reconnoitered. Once or twice the skipper had got near enough to warrant a chase. But Seth escaped each time.

The sporting instincts of some of the younger men of the village were aroused. Bets were made as to whether the skipper would catch Seth. The advent of either on the street was a call for all the loafers to post themselves advantageously to see whatever might happen.

Finally, so acute did the curiosity of the village become that duress was attempted on Seth. He was cornered one night in the grocery store by some of the lobster fishermen and was informed that unless he gave up the secret there and then one of them would go fetch the skipper and the others would hold him, Seth, in the store until the doughty mariner arrived.

"Go 'long, go and git me murdered if ye want to," cried Seth, almost blubbering. "I've been reckoning ye would. Ye are allus mixin' into things that hain't your bus'ness round this dog-goned place. Go ahead and after I'm dead ye'll be sorry."

Seth's distress was so acute that it was decided after conference to allow him to go.

But it is sad to relate that though the young man dauntlessly faced this strenuous ordeal he was in danger of being ruined by petty circumstances as insinuating as little serpents. Sometimes the mighty rock that the blast cannot split may be divided by water poured on wooden wedges. It was the Sims girl that proved the undoing of this village Samson of secrecy. She kept at him early and late to tell her why the skipper had become so angered at him. Behind the Sims girl the skipper's sister was standing, poking her on. The skipper's sister couldn't get even a grunt out of the skipper himself.

If Seth had but known, the skipper was now anxious to meet him and talk the thing over amicably and arrange for a permanent truce. But Seth was not to be come at. He flew even from the captain's ingratiating beckonings at a distance, ever suspecting guile.

Gregg feared just the danger that was now encompassing Seth—the everlasting coaxing and nagging of an inquisitive woman. At last the Sims girls ceased taunting him of pusillanimity and indicated that he didn't love her and if he didn't he might go his way. Seth valiantly resisted these assaults. Then the Sims girl said she had heard it on good authority that Seth had been caught stealing from the cargo. She allowed that if he didn't clear his character it was "good-bye Joe" between them. One night when Seth persisted in keeping his secret even in the face of this ultimatum the Sims girl turned him out of the house, threw at him in a bunch all the varied assortment of taunts and allegations she had been rehearsing and shut the door on him. She declared that it was forever.

Seth sat on the corner of the banking for half an hour and blubbered. His siege had been a nerve-racking one. His tears were excusable. The Sims girl sat close to the parlor window and listened. Just as she was about to call him back and tell him that she loved him and wouldn't tease him any more, Seth's resolution gave a last despairing flop and died. He went along and tapped on the door.

"Let me in," he called, "and I'll tell ye for I s'pose I've got to." By this narrow margin was he defeated. But it is ever thus in the world's battles.

Under pledge of secrecy—that it should be just their secret and no one's else—the whole story was told to the Sims girl. Then she hurried Seth away so that she could go over and dump the whole horrible, awful, disgraceful, shameful tale in the ears of the skipper's spinster sister, July Ann. What! Cap. Skote Gregg break the engagement to Sophy Maxwell, the best woman Hobb's Harbor ever had? The Sims girl fully realized what a bomb-shell she was carrying.

The Sims girl was nearly out of breath when she arrived in July Ann's kitchen but she was able to gasp out the skeleton of the affair, to be filled in later. It was fortunate for July Ann that the thing was broken to her in this manner by degrees, otherwise she certainly must have died of strangulation. She gripped her throat and popped her eyeballs. By turns she wept for the woes of the betrayed Sophy and raged over the skipper's deception of herself.

"Wasting his time and substance on a Jezebel, and me ownin' ha'f that schooner," she gritted. "And then when he brings her here to the old home I shall have to go forth like the dove from the ark with no place for the sole of my foot."

"If you lit some one would up and tell you to come off your perch, birdie," mumbled the hired man who sat behind the stove tallowing his boots.

"What's that ye're havin' over?" screamed July Ann, detecting satire.

"I only said, mum," replied the hired man, raising his voice, "that it wa'n't in no ways right for a man that 'tended church." He shouted the last word. July Ann glared at him suspiciously for a moment and continued.

"I'm goin' right now to tell the elder and then I shall call 'round to Sophy's house and show her what a villun she has been nussin' in her bosom."

The hired man chuckled but stooped and made believe talk to the cat. July Ann snapped her hood on her head and tied the strings with trembling fingers, talking all the time—now with tears, now with fire flashing from her eyes. As she left the kitchen she whirled and shook her fist at the "copied picture" of the skipper gazing blandly on the scene from the sitting room beyond.

"And if ever a man in this world will wish that his cake was dough and the devil had it, that man will be you, Skote Gregg, when ye git back home to-morrer." Then she slammed the door and went rasping down the pebbly path, the Sims girl gasping along behind.

"Looks kind o' like 's if Cap's good angel don't bring him some kind of warnin' he's liable to think he's made a mistake and dropped into a camp of Tuscaroory Injuns when he gits home," pondered the hired man. "Now let's see! Shall I warn him? If I do July Ann will cook my goose. If I don't he's goin' to have his harselet curled. Men folks ought to stand by men folks, I s'pose, but I jest reckon that I hain't called on to grab into this game. It's too cnaartin'. If I only knowed who was comin' out on top—but I don't."

The hired man put the cat in the woodshed and went to bed. He decided that the affair was in the hands of Providence and that he wouldn't interfere.

Cap. Gregg had been up country for a few days buying pressed hay to make another cargo to New York. He was expected home on the morrow. And he came. Hours before his arrival every person in the village of Hobb's Harbor understood the situation of affairs and knew that Cap. Skote was coming back to fall into an ambushade. Vantage points from which the affair could be witnessed were in as great a demand as seats along the route of the coronation procession of King Edward.

Now Cap. Gregg had not studied the whirled of weather-breeding clouds, the menace of skies, the signs of tempest all his life in vain. And his eye by instinct was peeled for land squalls as well. When he approached Hobb's Harbor the unwonted stir among the populace attracted his keen attention. Despite the frantic protests of July Ann the sight-seers had persisted in crowding up around the house until the premises looked as though an auction were in progress.

At the turn of the lane leading to his home Cap. Gregg reined up his fuzzy white horse and cocked his eye up to a boy who had posted himself in the crotch of a leaning willow.

"What is the goin' on up to my place, bub?" he asked. "Hain't no trouble, is the'?"

"Not yit," returned the boy briefly, shifting his chew of gum.

The skipper gazed at the youngster awhile, then looked toward the house with his lids drooping half down over his eyes in a calculating stare.

"I hain't lived man and boy in this place for goin' on fifty-five year without knowin' some of the ways of the folks here," he soliloquized. "It's out—that's jest what's the trouble, and they're up to see the finish. Here's where I shorten sail andATCH up, with an eye to breakers over the lee."

He drove along slowly. His suspicions were deepened by the fact that the persons who had assembled were pretending not to notice his arrival. But he knew that every eye was watching him and his pride wouldn't allow him to halt. He drove into the yard and swung his legs out over the wheel.

"If this is a public reception," he bawled sarcastically to some men standing in his barn door, "why don't the band strike up? I'm here!"

"From what I hear inside I guess the band's gittin' ready to strike," drawled one of the men. "But I shouldn't say it was Susy's band. It sounds more like a band of loocivees with turpentine sprinkled on 'em."

Then the skipper heard the well known tones of July Ann's voice screaming maledictions.

"I tell you I will—I will," she cried. "Don't ye try to stop me. I will have his heart for mincemeat—I will."

The next instant from the crater of the kitchen door the volcano erupted. Ahead came July Ann, wrestling with Aunt 'Liza Shaw for the tongs, with which it appears July Ann was vowing to commit murder. Behind came Sophy Maxwell, her face expressing sorrow rather than anger. In the "also ran" crowd were half the women of Hobb's Harbor. Popping from July Ann's mouth were disjointed sentences about "widow—painted Jezebel—woman of Babylon."

Then Cap. Gregg understood full well that it was all out. He was never accounted a coward

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by men. In fact, his reputation ran the other way. But above all Cap. Gregg, like a master general, knew when to retreat. He knew what July Ann was when she was well started. Furthermore, there would be neither credit nor profit in a pitched battle with his sister there before the eyes of the assembled villagers.

July Ann was within striking distance. He uttered one hoarse shout of protest, then he dodged under the belly of the white horse, staggered along a few feet to recover his balance and started on the dead run down the street. July Ann screaming with rage followed and all the people chased behind her. They were simply following to be in at the death of spectators, but a stranger looking on would have concluded that Skipper Gregg was being chased from town by a wild mob. He looked behind once and his fears suggested that the whole village was raised against him because he had been unfaithful to Sophy Maxwell.

"This is what comes of livin' under the nose of people," he gasped as he ran. "I've got to make that schooner ahead of 'em—and I'll kill the man that tries to stop me." He shouted this threat for a group of men had assembled at the foot of the lane.

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[EDITOR'S NOTE—Episode No. 4 in the May "COMFORT" will relate how Cap. Skote Gregg won unique distinction as the only "pirate" that ever hailed from Hobb's Harbor.]

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## The Great Deal.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GEORGE H. SMITH.

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ON THE table before three men who for two hours had been shut into the private office of Goad & Stauchs, brokers, Wall street, New York, a neat walnut box stood open. One of them snapped the lock, dropped the box into a leather case that looked as if it might contain a kodak, took the box by the strap and his hat from the table, and started for the door.

Mr. Goad looked inquiringly across the table at his partner. The latter held up one hand with the fingers and thumb widely separated.

"We'll make it five hundred thousand, if you succeed," said Mr. Goad, aloud, speaking to the back of the man who was leaving the room.

The man turned around at the door.

"Now you're talking business," he said. "Make out the papers," he added, as he came back to the table.

Some of the city papers, two days later, in printing the lists of steamer passengers included in the annual migration of the season to Europe, commented on the coincidence that three men who in place of their real names may be called Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, were all passengers on one steamer, and that the three probably represented more money than any other three men who could be brought together in America. One of the papers even figured up the number of hundred millions worth of stocks and bonds which they owned or controlled, while another paper gave a description of the palatial accommodations which they had engaged on board the steamer for themselves, their families and servants.

"Hello, Jones!" said Mr. Smith, as the man he addressed came hurrying on board the steamer at almost the last second. "I thought you were going to be left."

"I thought so, too," said Mr. Jones, stopping to take breath and light a cigar. "My valet was taken violently ill not more than an hour ago, and went to the hospital. I didn't know anything about it until he sent a new man to take his place—his cousin, he said. It made us late. I only hope the fellow can shave me comfortably. He looks decent enough," following with his eyes as he spoke, the smooth-shaven man who had come on board behind him and who was now disappearing down a passageway with his hands full of luggage.

For four days the *Keramic* plowed across the Atlantic ocean toward Europe, and in the evening of each one of these days the three money kings gathered in the private cabin of Mr. Jones' magnificent suite of rooms, and talked business. The host's new valet, who had proved to be a first-class man, his master said, waited on the three men when anything was wanted, and brought cigars, seltzer, matches, writing paper, whatever they might call for. When not engaged in this way the man retired from the room, but retired, if the men in the cabin had only known it, into a stateroom from behind the curtains of which he could hear and did hear every word of their conversation.

About eleven o'clock of the fourth evening, Mr. Jones gathered up a few small sheets of paper from the table, covered with memoranda in pencil, and handing copies to each of the other two men, kept one himself.

"It's going to be a big thing," he said, as he put his own copy into a leather letter case and returned the case to his pocket.

"The biggest thing yet," added Mr. Brown, lighting a cigar as he rose to go.

"Well, good night. See you in the morning, I suppose."

"Yes. Good night."

An hour later a man with a black box under his arm crept silently along the deck towards the stern of the boat, carefully steering his course so as to avoid detection by the men on watch.

Arrived at the extreme stern he looked about him. A part of the superstructure of the deck hid him entirely from the sight of any one out at that late hour.

The night was calm and beautiful. The mass of rushing, churning water which the powerful screws beneath him left in the steamer's path shone with a weird, phosphorescent light. Far down in the west behind them, a slim moon was sinking into the ocean.

The man who had crept along the deck in the shadows paid little heed to the beauty of the night, though. Placing the black leather box that he had brought with him on the deck, he took from it another box of polished wood, and opening this balanced it on the steamer's rail. Even in that dim light the gleam of shining metal was visible.

Grasping the box with his left arm to steady it upon the railing, the man began to manipulate the apparatus in it with his right hand.

So intent was he on what he was doing that he did not hear steps behind him on the deck, and it was not until the watch, within six feet of him sang out, "What's going on here?" that he knew that he was not alone.

In the same instant the box on the rail, with its shining metals, slipped from beneath his arm into the boiling water behind the boat.

"Just trying to get a night exposure of this steamer's wake," he answered calmly, turning to face the watchman, now standing beside him. "You startled me so you made me drop my camera overboard. You ought to be more careful."

"The hell I had," retorted the sailor. "Don't you know that nobody is allowed on this part of the deck at this time of night? You get below. Here, take your box with you." Kicking the leather case along the deck after the retreating man.

"I reckon I ought to pull him in to the mate," the sailor grumbled to himself, as the man went out of sight, "and I would if he wan't a son of a cabin boy to that rich old cuss what's so free with his money. I guess I'll let him go."

Mr. Ambrose Stauchs, of the firm of Goad & Stauchs, had a summer home on the extreme eastern end of Long Island. The house had not yet been opened for the season when its owner one day got off the train at the nearest railroad station.

"Yes," he said to the station agent, who greeted him cordially. "My friend here and I came up early this year, just to get away from the city for a few days. No, the folks are not coming yet. We're just going to put ourselves up."

"And, oh, yes! I say, Wise," coming back to speak close to the station master's ear, "I just as lief you wouldn't say anything to anybody about my being here."

"Sure, Mr. Stauchs, I won't, then," was the reply.

It was the day after the *Keramic* sailed, that the two men took up their quarters in the otherwise unoccupied summer residence. From that time on, so soon as the apparatus could be put in place, one or the other of the men watched day and night in a darkened room into which had been brought a wire from the flag staff on the observatory of the house. Connected with the wire in the darkened room was a tiny mirror hung by a thread so that its slightest movement would send a ray of light, reflected from it, dancing over a sheet of paper crossed with lines as intricate as those on a Chinese puzzle.

One day passed, and another, and the mirror hung motionless. Early in the evening of the third day—the fourth day after the sailing of the *Keramic*—the broker watching in the darkness saw the mirror move. The spark of light swept across the lines upon the paper, and stopped.

Like a flash the broker darted into an adjoining room, where his companion was asleep, and shaking him, cried, "It's come! Quick! See what it says!"

Side by side the two men bent over the mirror. The spark was moving again, now, and continued to move, going from space to space upon the paper.

"They—have—done—it." The man who had been asleep read slowly aloud. "Buy H. O. to the last cent you can raise. Buy until you can hold them, and you are—"

The point of light stopped moving, and although the two men watched it until the last minute came that the broker could stay, and yet catch the only train that would get him to the city by morning—and his companion watched it all night—it never moved again. The wireless telegraph instrument that had been operating it from hundreds of miles away was gone down to the bottom of the Atlantic ocean, thrown overboard to escape detection.

The next day men in Wall street said that Goad & Stauchs must be hard up, so persistently were they realizing on every negotiable security they had, but as the day passed, and no trouble came to the firm the gossips said they must have been wrong, and wondered what deep laid scheme the brokers had up their sleeves.

The next day's cable announced the safe arrival of the *Keramic* in England, with all on board well.

Still a day later, and the ocean wires were busy with cipher messages going both ways between the London firms which represented the three American financiers, and their New York offices.

A little later and it began to be rumored in the financial world that a stupendous deal was on foot. Just what, no one seemed to really know, or else would not say. Then there was another rumor that there was a hitch somewhere, and three days of uncertainty and surmise passed.

Then came the news of The Great Deal—the combination that electrified America and staggered the rest of the world.

Men who were out of it, and everybody was out of it except the people associated with the three organizers of the scheme wondered how a firm of mere brokers like Goad & Stauchs ever got into the deal.

They never found out, nor did the money kings themselves ever learn how it came about that this one firm had become acquainted with their plans so prematurely as to be able to fix themselves so as to defeat the entire project unless they themselves were allowed to come into the deal.

How the brokers got the tip that there was such a deal on foot, and took the way they did to shadow the three men, they never told. It was enough for them that they had vaulted at one leap from being men who bought and sold stocks to earn a living, to be many times millionaires. They paid the scientist the five hundred thousand dollars they had promised him, and the man went back to his laboratory to build another stronger and better machine, which, when it is finished is destined, no doubt, to amaze and delight the world with the possibilities of wireless telegraphy.

When Mr. Jones' valet recovered from his sudden illness he did not seek to get back to his old place. Instead of that he returned to his beloved native Paris and bought out a nice little business there, the profits of which made him, in the eyes of his friends, rich for life. Sometimes these same friends wondered how he got the money to make the purchase, but he never told them.

Almost a Tragedy;  
or, The Lady in the Grotto.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MARION PENN LANE.

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A half dozen matrons were seated in a pretty tent on the beach at Tampa watching the merry bathers disport themselves in the bounding billows that tumbled in upon the clean white sand, when one of them, fat, fair and fifty, made a statement which startled the entire company.

"I shall never regret," she had said, "that I am an expert swimmer and diver."

"Oh!" they unanimously exclaimed, looking

at her incredulously, and some laughing the little feminine laugh that is ever so much more disagreeable than any language.

"Or was," she added good naturedly, as she contemplated her ponderous portliness, and pleasantly laughed the disagreeable laughs of the few into a better humor. "I fancy," she went on, still contemplating her figure, "that if I tried to dive now, it would not much matter which way I went into the water, the splash would be about the same; but when I was nineteen, I only weighed a hundred and twenty pounds and I went into the water like a knife-blade. It was my ability to swim and dive that prevented my first romance from becoming a really dreadful tragedy."

"Oh, tell us about it," begged the others, not less interested now, than they were amused and incredulous before, and the heroine of her own story made herself more comfortable in the sand, and proceeded to gratify the curiosity of her companions.

"At nineteen," she said, "I was pretty, so the men said, and rich, and my mother took me with her to Naples to spend the winter. You can imagine the kind of a time a rich American girl could have in a land of poor nobles anxious to improve their fortunes; and that is the kind of a time I did have. But they were not all poor, and the most devoted of all was one who was very rich, as riches are measured in Italy. He was erratic, and so peculiar that he was known as the 'Mad Count.' Still he was brilliant and handsome, and though twenty-five years older than I, he was the most interesting man I had met in Europe. Possibly if—however, it was not to be, and it is too late to talk of what might have been."

The listeners smiled at the recognition of possibilities not dissimilar to their own experiences, and the story teller went on.

"During the entire winter his attentions increased, and at the first touch of spring he asked my mother and me to join a house party he was giving at his picturesque country-seat on one of the islands not far from Naples. I was nervous about accepting the invitation, for the Count's manner was not reassuring, but there was no good excuse, and we just had to go. It was a lovely place this Isola Bella where the Count had his summer home, and we did have a simply divine time for the first few days. The Count was a perfect host, and if any of the men among his guests were his rivals, he gave no sign. Neither did he trouble me with the attentions I disliked in the city. Suddenly, though, and by no apparent design, the romance gave place to the tragedy."

"One afternoon, while the others were enjoying their siestas, I slipped away with my sketching materials to a point presenting a view that stirred all my poetic and artistic sentiment. As I sat absorbed in the exquisite combination of sea and mountain and sky, I saw the Count coming up the narrow path from the sea below, and remembered that he alone knew of my escape to this quiet nook he had selected on the day of our arrival for my 'special artistic delectation,' as he said. I did not want to see him and wondered why he came uninvited, but I could not run away, or hide, and was compelled to receive him politely. He apologized and asked if he might share the view with me, and this being granted, he sat down and began talking of the island and its many interesting physical features; particularly the remarkable sea-caves at the base of the cliffs, some more beautiful than the famous Blue Grotto of Capri. I was astonished that he made no love to me, and when he asked if I would like to take a row under the cliffs and see what a wonderful water-colorist and sculptor nature was, I consented without a word, except that we be back within an hour. In a small cove at the foot of the cliff-path we found two boats fast at a small dock and getting into one we rowed out upon the bosom of the tideless sea. I loved the water and rowing, and I had the oars.

"We had rowed and drifted about for half an hour, perhaps, when he asked me to pull in closer to the cliff, and he would show me the entrance to one of the caves he had told me of. He was laughing and complimenting me on my skill with the oars, and I was enjoying the water as a sea nymph might. As we neared the cliff at a point for which he told me to row, he held up his hand warningly and I stopped rowing. Under the shadow of the great grey wall above us, the smile left his face, his compliments ceased, and he became very grave. I knew well enough what was coming, and I tried to divert it by a constant chatter about the cave, implying a doubt of its existence, and chaffing him for being so poor a pilot. He let me go on, his eyes sparkling but shifting from side to side in a way that means but one thing, and then he interrupted me with an impetuous declaration of his love, and a fierce demand that I should marry him. I was stunned by the suddenness of it, and sat as dumb as an oyster, simply staring at him and clutching the oars as if they were lifelines. When my wits returned and he had subsided somewhat, I tried to reason with him, and explain that I did not love him and could not marry him, but in the midst of my argument he stood up in the boat before me with such a strange glitter in his eyes that I became thoroughly frightened."

"I did not know what to do, but instinctively rose to my feet to meet him face to face, and as I did so, he caught me in his arms, and plunged overboard with me. He did not know that I could swim, but his ignorance was of no advantage to me for he was a powerful man and held me so firmly that I could not possibly break his hold. I tried to scratch his eyes out, but he easily avoided my hands by thrusting his face close against the side of my neck, and as he did this, he bore my head backward into the water. Then I felt myself sinking and with one effort to scream, the water filled my mouth. There was a flash of dazzling light, a quick pain and a suffocation, followed by a restful sense of floating through a limitless blue sky, and all was dark."

"Consciousness ended there, and I knew no more until I opened my eyes in what seemed to be a room of silver walls and sapphire floor. It was all very vague and indistinct, but some one was administering a stimulant very pleasant in its effect, though I did not know why. Gradually I began to gather strength of mind and body, and as I did so I realized where I was and how I had gotten there. I knew it was the Count giving me brandy or some other stimulant, and chafing my hands, and I became so angry that I quite forgot all my fear. I poured out the vials of my wrath on the man, but he laughed at me in my weakness, and told me he was going to keep me there till I promised to marry him. He assured me that he would return to my mother and offer his services in the

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search that would be made when I had failed to appear, but that he would come back to me the next day at noon to learn if I were ready to marry him. If I were not he would not urge me because as he said, he wished me to act of my own free will, but would go away again, to return each day at noon until I had given my consent or had starved to death. The ugly glitter came into his shifting eyes again, and I trembled as he stood before me, but I was so overcome that I could not move and my tongue was positively like a lump of putty in my mouth. He was dripping wet as I was, but he was courtly still, and with a sweeping bow, and his regrets that there was no food and only hard stones for a bed, he sprang into the water that formed the floor of the cave and disappeared.

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tion in which I found myself that what had taken place seemed to be a terrible dream, and I think I must have fainted, for when I again realized where I was the effects of the drowning had passed away, and I came to myself with much more strength than I had when the Count took his unexpected departure. I was dazed, however, and as I sat up and tried to collect my scattered senses, I saw the Count's silver flask lying on the floor, where I had dashed it from his hand in my first recognition of him in his efforts to revive me. There was half a pint of brandy remaining in it and I took a liberal drink of it. Being unused to it I soon began to feel its effects, and I began to 'pull myself together' as the newspapers say and tried to think. I am sure you will all easily understand that my position was an awful one for any woman, but for a girl of nineteen, never out of sight of her mother, and shielded at every turn, it was something inexpressible. But I was blessed with a pretty good hard head, and it was not long until I began to gather my forces and facts and arrange them as a lawyer-general might. I might, in the first place, have remembered that I could not be forced into a marriage, and could have given a promise and gotten out. But I never thought of that, because I thought of another plan of escape before that one suggested itself.

"I saw that the cave was similar to the Blue Grotto of Capri which I had visited, but that the entrance was several feet below the surface of the water and only approachable from either side by a diver who knew its exact location. The opening was quite large and plainly visible from the inside of the cave which received its light from it. I had no sooner arrived at this point in my thinking than it occurred to me that I was probably as good a swimmer and diver as the Count was, and if he had no trouble getting out of the cave, I should not. To think was to act, and throwing off my dress, and fastening my skirts about me so as not to impede my movements, and tying my shoes about my neck, I took a stiff jorum of the brandy, and, with a little prayer to be led happily out of all my afflictions I got as near to the entrance as I could and dived for the opening shining far down in the water like a silver arch leading to Heaven. But my spirit was stronger than my flesh, and when I came to the surface after staying under the water until I thought I should burst, I only bumped my head on the overhanging rocks and was forced to come back into the cave. Some women might have cried at that, and I felt like it, but my strength was increasing, and the mere sense of it encouraged me so that I sat down on the rocks again and calmly waited for more breath. I made another trial, less successful than the first, because I bumped my head harder, and caught a throatful of water that weakened me a great deal. I was so tired now that when I dragged myself out on the rocks again, I sank down quite exhausted, and presently fell into a doze. How long I slept I do not know, but when I awoke I was more eager than ever to try the water. But the light of the day was dying, for when I looked toward the entrance I could barely see it through the shadows, and with a great gulp in my throat I gave way and throwing myself down on the hard stones I cried like any woman would. It was not so much over my failure, or through fear of the Count, but simply because I was going to have to stay in that horrid cave all night. I was soaking wet and hungry; the place was dark and dismal; I had no bed to sleep on, there were a dozen things I was not used to and the personal discomforts quite outbalanced any thought of the real horrors of the situation.

"Goodness only knows how I passed that dreadful night, but I did, crying sometimes for my mother, laughing sometimes with hysterics, and sleeping not a little between times, for I was tired enough. I knew when I was roused suddenly from one of these naps, the sunlight was shining brilliantly through the archway of my escape, and I jumped to my feet and began to get ready for the work before me. Another jorum of the brandy, and a half hour's exercise in my almost forgotten calisthenics to take the stiffness out of my joints and I stepped out to my diving point. The arch showed clear, as if inviting me to come, and with my lungs filled to their utmost and all the strength I could command, I flung myself headforemost into the water. I dove with all my might and swam with the energy of a prisoner escaping, and, moving under the water as I never thought I could do, I passed through the entrance and rose to the surface outside, so close to the cliff that my foot touched it as I struck out in swimming.

"I felt that I was safe from the Count now, but a new danger confronted me. The Count had our boat to take him away when he came from the cave, but I had nothing but the wide open sea before me and a perpendicular wall hundreds of feet in height at my back. It was a mile to the little dock where I had taken the boat the day before, and I could not swim that distance. What lay around the point of the cliff in the other direction only a few hundred yards away, I did not know, but I swam for it, staying close to the cliff so that if my strength gave out I might cling to life a little longer. You know one at nineteen thinks life is quite worth living.

"Around the point, which I weathered safely, was a stretch of beach which I soon made, and putting on my shoes hurried along for half a mile where I found a woman mending a fish net, near the water. The cliffs sloped away leaving room for a fisherman's cabin. The woman was so frightened at my appearance that she started to run, but my call for help reassured her and she came to me. I told her briefly what had happened and to go as fast as she could and bring the chief police official, telling no one but him. She hid me in her house and ran away to the town, because she had already heard the story of the disappearance of the American lady, and the chief had been that way looking for the lost one. When the chief came I met him, attired in a blanket and blushes, and told him my story, requesting him to go after my mother and to do with the Count as he pleased.

"An hour later the whole island knew of my strange adventure, and until we were ready to take the boat to Naples, the whole police force of the island was required to keep back the friendly islanders who wanted to congratulate me on my escape. I had no brain fever, nor any pneumonia, as the doctor said I ought to have, but I did have an attack of nervous prostration that lasted for weeks. Nor did the Count attempt to kill himself or do anything desperate when arrested. He simply laughed and held out his hands to be pinioned, and from that time until he died, five years later, he was a harmless lunatic crooning always to himself in a sing song monotone: 'What has become of her? What has become of her?'



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### CHAPTER I.

#### A HOUSE ON MADISON AVENUE.

**UNCLE**, you are not looking well to-night."

"I am not well, Florence. I sometimes doubt if I shall ever be any better."

"Surely, uncle, you cannot mean—"

"Yes, my child, I have reason to believe that I am nearing the end."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak so, uncle," said Florence Linden, in irrepressible agitation. "You are not an old man. You are but fifty-four."

"True, Florence, but it is not years only that make a man old. Two great sorrows have embittered my life. First, the death of my dearly loved wife, and next the loss of my boy, Harvey."

"It is long since I have heard you refer to my cousin's loss. I thought you had become reconciled—no, I do not mean that, I thought your regret might be less poignant."

"I have not permitted myself to speak of it, but I have never ceased to think of it day and night."

John Linden paused sadly, then resumed: "If he had died, I might, as you say, have become reconciled; but he was abducted at the age of four by a revengeful servant whom I had discharged from my employment. Heaven knows whether he is living or dead, but it is impressed upon my mind that he still lives, it may be in misery, it may be as a criminal, while I, his unhappy father, live on in a luxury which I cannot enjoy, with no one to care for me."

Florence Linden sunk impulsively on her knees beside her uncle's chair. "Don't say that, uncle," she pleaded. "You know that I love you, Uncle John."

"And I, too, uncle."

There was a shade of jealousy in the voice of Curtis Waring as he entered the library through the open door, and, approaching his uncle, pressed his hand.

He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, of perhaps thirty-five, with shifty, black eyes and thin lips, shaded by a dark mustache. It was not a face to trust.

Even when he smiled the expression of his face did not soften. Yet he could moderate his voice so as to express tenderness and sympathy. He was the son of an elder sister of Mr. Linden, while Florence was the daughter of a younger brother.

Both were orphans, and both formed a part of Mr. Linden's household, and owed everything to his bounty.

Curtis was supposed to be in some business downtown; but he received a liberal allowance from his uncle, and often drew upon him for outside assistance.

As he stood with his uncle's hand in his, he was, necessarily brought near Florence, who instinctively drew a little away, with a slight shudder indicating repugnance.

Slight as it was, Curtis detected it, and his face darkened.

John Linden looked from one to the other. "Yes," he said, "I must not forget that I have a nephew and a niece. You are both dear to me, but no one can take the place of the boy I have lost."

"But it is so long ago, uncle," said Curtis. It must be fourteen years."

"It is fourteen years."

"And the boy is long since dead!"

"No, no!" said John Linden, vehemently. "I do not, I will not, believe it. He still lives, and I live only in the hope of one day clasping him in my arms."

"That is very improbable, uncle," said Curtis, in a tone of annoyance. "There isn't one chance in a hundred that my cousin still lives. The grave has closed over him long since. The sooner you make up your mind to accept the inevitable the better."

The drawn features of the old man showed that the words had a depressing effect upon his mind, but Florence interrupted her cousin with an indignant protest.

"How can you speak so, Curtis?" she exclaimed. "Leave Uncle John the hope that he

has so long cherished. I have a presentiment that Harvey still lives."

John Linden's face brightened up. "You, too, believe it possible, Florence?" he said, eagerly.

"Yes, uncle, I not only believe it possible, but probable. How old would Harvey be if he still lived?"

"Eighteen—nearly a year older than yourself."

"How strange! I always think of him as a little boy."

"And I, too, Florence. He rises before me in his little velvet suit, as he was when I last saw him, with his sweet, boyish face, in which his mother's looks were reflected."

"Yet, if still living," interrupted Curtis, harshly, "he is a rough street-boy, perchance serving his time at Blackwell's Island, a hardened young ruffian, whom it would be bitter mortification to recognize as your son."

"That's the sorrowful part of it," said his uncle, in a voice of anguish. "That is what I most dread."

"Then, since even if he were living you would not care to recognize him, why not cease to think of him, or else regard him as dead?"

"Curtis Waring, have you no heart?" demanded Florence, indignantly.

"Indeed, Florence, you ought to know," said Curtis, sinking his voice into softly modulated accents.

"I know nothing of it," said Florence, coldly, rising from her recumbent position, and drawing aloof from Curtis.

"You know that the dearest wish of my heart is to find favor in your eyes. Uncle, you know my wish, and approve of it, do you not?"

"Yes, Curtis; you and Florence are equally dear to me, and it is my hope that you may be united. In that case, there will be no division of my fortune. It will be left to you jointly."

"Believe me, sir," said Curtis, with faltering voice, feigning an emotion which he did not feel—"believe me, that I fully appreciate your goodness. I am sure Florence joins with me."

"Florence can speak for herself," said his cousin, coldly. "My uncle needs no assurances from me. He is always kind, and I am always grateful."

John Linden seemed absorbed in thought. "I do not doubt your affection," he said; "and I have shown it by making you my joint heirs in the event of your marriage; but it is only fair to say that my property goes to my boy, if he still lives."

"But, sir," protested Curtis, "is not that likely to create unnecessary trouble? It can never be known, and meanwhile—"

"You and Florence will hold the property in trust."

"Have you so specified in your will?" asked Curtis.

"I have made two wills. Both are in yonder secretary. By the first the property is bequeathed to you and Florence. By the second and later, it goes to my lost boy in the event of his recovery. Of course, you and Florence are not forgotten, but the bulk of the property goes to Harvey."

"I sincerely wish the boy might be restored to you," said Curtis; but his tone belied his words. "Believe me, the loss of the property would affect me little, if you could be made happy by realizing your warmest desire; but, uncle, I think it only the part of a friend to point out to you, as I have already done, the baselessness of any such expectation."

"It may be as you say, Curtis," said his uncle with a sigh. "If I were thoroughly convinced of it, I would destroy the later will, and leave my property absolutely to you and Florence."

"No, uncle," said Florence, impulsively, "make no change; let the will stand."

Curtis, screened from his uncle's view, darted a glance of bitter indignation at Florence.

"Is the girl mad?" he muttered to himself. "Must she forever balk me?"

"Let it be so for the present, then," said Mr. Linden, wearily. "Curtis, will you ring the bell? I am tired, and shall retire to my couch early."

"Let me help you, Uncle John," said Florence,

eagerly.

"It is too much for your strength, my child, I am growing more and more helpless."

"I, too, can help," said Curtis.

John Linden, supported on either side by his nephew and niece, left the room and was assisted to his chamber.

Curtis and Florence returned to the library. "Florence," said her cousin, "my uncle's intentions, as expressed tonight, make it desirable that there should be an understanding between us. Take a seat beside me"—leading her to a sofa—"and let us talk this matter over."

With a gesture of repulsion Florence declined the proffered seat, and remained standing.

"As you please," she answered, coldly. "Will you be seated?"

"No; our interview will be brief."

"Then I will come to the point. Uncle John wishes to see us united."

"It can never be!" said Florence, decidedly. Curtis bit his lip in mortification, for her tone was cold and scornful.

Mingled with his mortification was genuine regret, for, as far as he was capable of loving any one, he loved his fair young cousin.

"You profess to love Uncle John, and yet you would disappoint his cherished hope!" he returned.

"Is it his cherished hope?"

"There is no doubt of it. He has spoken to me more than once on the subject. Feeling that his end is near, he wishes to leave you in charge of a protector."

"I can protect myself," said Florence, proudly.

"You think so. You do not consider the hapless lot of a penniless girl in a cold and selfish world."

"Penniless?" repeated Florence, in an accent of surprise.

"Yes, penniless. Our uncle's bequest to you is conditional upon your acceptance of my hand."

"Has he said this?" asked Florence, sinking into an armchair with a helpless look.

"He has told me so more than once," returned Curtis, smoothly. "You don't know how near to his heart this marriage is. I know what you would say: If the property comes to me, I could come to your assistance, but I am expressly prohibited from doing so. I have pleaded with my uncle in your behalf, but in vain."

Florence was too clear-sighted not to penetrate his falsehood.

"If my uncle's heart is hardened against me," she said, "I shall be too wise to turn to you. I am to understand, then, that my choice lies between poverty and a union with you?"

"You have stated it correctly, Florence."

"Then," said Florence, rising, "I will not hesitate. I shrink from poverty, for I have been reared in luxury, but I will sooner live in a hovel—"

"Or a tenement house," interjected Curtis, with a sneer.

"Yes, or a tenement house, than become the wife of one I loathe."

"Girl, you shall bitterly repent that word!" said Curtis, stung to fury.

She did not reply, but pale and sorrowful, glided from the room to weep bitter tears in the seclusion of her chamber.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A STRANGE VISITOR.

Curtis Waring followed the recreating form of his cousin with a sardonic smile.

"She is in the toils! She cannot escape me!" he muttered. "But"—and here his brow darkened—"it vexes me to see how she repels my advances, as if I were some loathsome thing! If only she would return my love—for I do love her, cold as she is—I should be happy. Can there be a rival? But no! we live so quietly that she has met no one who could win her affections. Why can she not turn to me? Surely I am not so ill-favored, and, though twice her age, I am still a young man. Nay, it is only a young girl's caprice. She shall yet come to my arms, a willing captive."

His thoughts took a turn, as he rose from his seat and walked over to the secretary.

"So it is here that the two wills are deposited!" he said to himself—"one making me a rich man, the other a beggar! While the last is in existence I am not safe. The boy may be alive and liable to turn up at any moment. If only he were dead—or the will destroyed—"

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Here he made a suggestive pause. He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and tried one after another, but without success. He was so absorbed in his work that he did not notice the entrance of a dark-browed, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a shabby corduroy suit, till the intruder indulged in a short cough, intended to draw attention.

Starting with guilty consciousness, Curtis turned sharply round, and his glance fell on the intruder.

"Who are you?" he demanded, angrily. "And how dare you enter a gentleman's house unbidden?"

"Are you the gentleman?" asked the intruder, with intentional insolence.

"Yes."

"You own this house?"

"Not at present. It is my uncle's."

"And that secretary—pardon my curiosity—is his?"

"Yes; but what business is it of yours?"

"Not much. Only it makes me laugh to see a gentleman picking a lock. You should leave such business to men like me."

"You are insolent, fellow!" said Curtis, more embarrassed than he liked to confess, for this rough-looking man had become possessed of a dangerous secret. "I am my uncle's confidential agent, and it was on business of his that I wished to open the desk."

"Why not go to him for the key?"

"Because he is sick. But, pshaw! Why should I apologize or give any explanations to you? What can you know of him or me?"

"More, perhaps, than you suspect," said the intruder, quietly.

"Then you know, perhaps, that I am my uncle's heir?"

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Look here, fellow," said Curtis, thoroughly provoked, "I don't know who you are nor what you mean, but let me inform you that your presence here is an intrusion, and the sooner you leave the house the better!"

"I will leave it when I get ready."

Curtis started to his feet, and advanced toward his visitor with an air of menace.

"Go at once," he exclaimed, angrily, "or I will kick you out of the door!"

"What's the matter with the window?" returned the stranger, with an insolent leer.

"That's as you prefer; but if you don't leave at once I will eject you."

By way of reply, the rough visitor coolly seated himself in a luxurious easy-chair, and, looking up into the angry face of Waring, said:

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"And why not?" asked Curtis, with a feeling of uneasiness for which he could not account.

"Why not? Because, in that case, I should seek an interview with your uncle, and tell him—"

"What?"

"That his son still lives; and that I can restore him to his—"

The face of Curtis Waring blanched; he staggered as if he had been struck; and he cried out, hoarsely:

"It is a lie!"

"It is the truth, begging your pardon. Do you mind my smoking?" and he coolly produced a common clay pipe, filled and lighted it.

"Who are you?" asked Curtis, scanning the man's features with painful anxiety.

"Have you forgotten Tim Bolton?"

"Are you Tim Bolton?" faltered Curtis.

"Yes; but you don't seem glad to see me."

"I thought you were—"

"In Australia. So I was, three years since. Then I got homesick, and came back to New York."

"You have been here three years?"

"Yes," chuckled Bolton. "You didn't suspect it, did you?"

"Where?" asked Curtis, in a hollow voice.

"I keep a saloon on the Bowery. There's my card. Call round when convenient."

Curtis was about to throw the card into the grate, but on second thoughts dropped it into his pocket.

"And the boy?" he asked, slowly.

"Is alive and well. He hasn't been starved. Though I dare say you wouldn't have grieved much if he had."

"And he is actually in this city?"

"Just so."

"Does he know anything of—you know what I mean?"

"He doesn't know that he is the son of a rich man, and heir to the property which you look upon as yours. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"Yes. What is he doing? Is he at any work?"

"He helps me some in the saloon, sells papers in the evenings, and makes himself generally useful."

"Has he any education?"

"Well, I haven't sent him to boarding-school or college," answered Tim. "He don't know no Greek or Latin or mathematics—pshaw, that's a hard word! You didn't tell me you wanted him made a scholar of."

"I didn't. I wanted never to see or hear from him again. What made you bring him back to New York?"

"Couldn't keep away, governor. I got homesick, I did. There ain't but one Bowery in the world, and I hankered after that—"

"Didn't I pay you money to keep away, Tim Bolton?"

"I don't deny it, but what's three thousand dollars? Why, the kid's cost me more than that. I've had the care of him for fourteen years, and it's only about two hundred dollars a year."

"You have broken your promise to me!" said Curtis, sternly.

"There's worse things than breaking your promise," retorted Bolton.

Scarcely had he spoken than a change came over his face, and he stared open-mouthed behind, and beyond Curtis.

Startled himself, Curtis turned, and saw, with a feeling akin to dismay, the tall figure of his uncle standing on the threshold of the left portal, clad in a morning-gown, with his eyes fixed inquiringly upon Bolton and himself.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### AN UNHOLY COMPACT.

"Who is that man, Curtis?" asked John Linden, pointing with his thin finger at Tim Bolton, who looked strangely out of place, as with clay pipe, he sat in the luxurious library on a sumptuous chair.

"That man?" stammered Curtis, quite at a loss what to say.

"Yes."

"He is a poor man, out of luck, who has applied to me for assistance," answered Curtis, recovering his wits.

"That's it, governor," said Bolton, thinking it necessary to confirm the statement. "I've got five small children at home almost starvin', your honor."

"That is sad. What is your business, my man?"

It was Bolton's turn to be embarrassed.

"My business?" he repeated.

"That is what I said."

"I'm a—blacksmith, but I'm willing to do any honest work."

"That is commendable; but don't you know that it is very ill-bred to smoke a pipe in a gentleman's house?"

"Excuse me, governor!"

And Bolton extinguished his pipe and put it away in a pocket of his corduroy coat.

"I was just telling him the same thing," said Curtis. "Don't trouble yourself any further, uncle. I will inquire into the man's circumstances, and help him if I can."

"Very well, Curtis. I came down because I thought I heard voices."

John Linden slowly returned to his chamber and left the two alone.

"The governor's gettin' old," said Bolton. "When I was butler here fifteen years ago, he looked like a young man. He didn't suspect that he had ever seen me before."

"Nor that you had carried away his son, Bolton."

"Who hired me to do it? Who put me up to the job, as far as that goes?"

"Hush! Walls have ears. Let us return to business."

"That suits me."

"Look here, Tim Bolton," said Curtis, drawing up a chair and lowering his voice to a confidential pitch, "you say you want money?"

"In course I do."

"Well, I don't give money for nothing."

"I know that. What's wanted now?"

"You say the boy is alive?"

"He's very much alive."

"Is there any necessity for his living?" asked Curtis, in a sharp, hissing tone, fixing his eyes searchingly on Bolton, to see how his hint would be taken.

"You mean that you want me to murder him?" said Bolton, quickly.

"Why not? You don't look over scrupulous."

"I am a bad man, I admit it," said Bolton, with a gesture of repugnance, "a thief, a low blackguard, perhaps, but, thank heaven, I am no murderer!"

"And if I was, couldn't I spill a drop of that boy's blood for the fortune that is his by right?"

"I didn't give you credit for so much sentiment, Bolton," said Curtis, with a sneer. "You don't look it, but appearances are deceitful. We'll drop the subject. You can serve me in another way. Can you open this secretary?"

"Yes, that's in my line."

"There is a paper in it that I want. It is my uncle's will. I have a curiosity to read it."

"I understand. Well, I'm agreeable."

"If you find any money or valuables you are welcome to them, I only want the paper. When will you make the attempt?"

"Tomorrow night. When will it be safe?"

"At eleven o'clock. We all retire early in this house. Can you force an entrance?"

"Yes; but it will be better for you to leave the outer door unlocked."

"I have a better plan. Here is my latch-key."

"Good! I may not do the job myself, but I will see that it is done. How shall I know the will?"

"It is in a big envelope, tied with a narrow tape. Probably it is inscribed: 'My Will.'"

"Suppose I succeed, when shall I see you?"

"I will come round to your place on the Bowery. Good night!"

Curtis Waring saw Bolton to the door, and let him out. Returning, he flung himself on a fauteuil.

"I can make that man useful," he reflected.

"There is an element of danger in the boy's presence in New York; but it will be hard if I can't get rid of him! Tim Bolton is unexpectedly squeamish, but there are others to whom I can apply. With gold everything is possible. It's time matters came to a finish. My uncle's health is rapidly failing—the doctor hints that he has heart disease—and the fortune for which I have been waiting so long will soon be mine if I work my cards right. I can't afford to make any mistakes now."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FLORENCE.

Florence Linden sat in the library the following evening in an attitude of depression. Her eyelids were swollen, and it was evident she had been weeping. During the day she had had an interview with her uncle, in which he harshly insisted upon her yielding to his wishes, and marrying her cousin, Curtis.

"But, uncle," she objected, "I do not love him."

"Marry him and love will come."

"Never!" she said, vehemently.

"You speak confidently, miss," said Mr. Linden, with irritation.

"Listen, Uncle John. It is not alone that I do not love him. I dislike—I loathe—him."

"Nonsense! That is a young girl's extravagant nonsense."

"No, uncle."

"There can be no reason for such a foolish dislike. What can you have against him?"

"It is impressed upon me, uncle, that Curtis is a bad man. There is something false—treacherous—about him."

"Pooh! child! you are more foolish than I thought. I don't say Curtis is an angel. No man is; at least, I never met any such. But he is no worse than the generality of men. In marrying him you will carry out my cherished wish. Florence, I have not long to live. I shall be glad to see you well established in life before I leave you. As the wife of Curtis you will have a recognized position. You will go on living in this house, and the old home will be maintained."

"But why is it necessary for me to marry at all, Uncle John?"

"You will be sure to marry some one. Should I divide my fortune between you and Curtis, you would become the prey of some unscrupulous fortune-hunter."

"Better that than become the wife of Curtis Waring—"

"See, you are incorrigible," said her uncle, angrily. "Do you refuse obedience to my wishes?"

"Command me in anything else, Uncle John, and I will obey," pleaded Florence.

"Indeed! You only thwart me in my cherished wish, but are willing to obey me in unimportant matters. You forget the debt you owe me."

"I forget nothing, dear uncle. I do not forget that, when I was a poor little child, helpless and destitute, you took me to your arms, gave me a home and have cared for me from that time to this as only a parent could."

"You remember that, then?"

"Yes, uncle. I hope you will not consider me wholly ungrateful."

"It only makes matters worse. You own your obligations, yet refuse to make the only return I desire. You refuse to comfort me in the closing days of my life by marrying your cousin."

"Because that so nearly concerns my happiness that no one has a right to ask me to sacrifice all I hold dear."

"I see you are incorrigible," said John Linden, stormily. "Do you know what will be the consequence?"

"I am prepared for all."

"Then listen! If you persist in balking me I shall leave the entire estate to Curtis."

"Do with your money as you will, uncle. I have

no claim to more than I have received."

"You are right there; but that is not all."

Florence fixed upon him a mute look of inquiry.

"I will give you twenty-four hours more to come to your senses. Then if you persist in your ingratitude and disobedience, you must find another home."

"Oh, uncle, you do not mean that?" exclaimed Florence, deeply moved.

"I do mean it, and I shall not allow your tears to move me. Not another word, for I will not hear it. Take twenty-four hours to think over what I have said."

Florence bowed her head on her hands, and gave herself up to sorrowful thoughts. But she was interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who announced:

"Mr. Percy de Brabazon."

An effeminate-looking young man, foppishly dressed, followed the servant into the room, and made it impossible for Florence to deny herself, as she wished to do.

"I hope I see you well, Miss Florence," he simpered.

"Thank you, Mr. de Brabazon," said Florence coldly. "I have a slight headache."

"I am awfully sorry, I am, upon my word, Miss Florence. My doctor tells me it is only those whose brains are very active that are troubled with headache."

"Then, I presume, Mr. de Brabazon," said Florence, with intentional sarcasm, "that you never have a headache?"

"Weally, Miss Florence, that is vewy cleveh. You will have your joke."

"It was no joke, I assure you, Mr. de Brabazon."

"I—I thought it might be. Didn't I see you at the opera last evening?"

"Possibly. I was there."

"I often go to the opera. It's so—so fashionable, don't you know?"

"Then you don't go to hear the music?"

"Oh, of course, but one can't always be listening to the music, don't you know. I had a friend with me last evening—an Englishman—a charming fellow. I assure you. He's the second cousin of a lord, and yet—you'll hardly credit it—we're vewy intimate. He tells me, Miss Florence, that I'm the perfect image of his cousin, Lord Fitz Noodle."

"I am not at all surprised."

"Weally, you are vewy kind, Miss Florence. I thought it a great compliment. I don't know how it is, but everybody takes me for an Englishman. Strange, isn't it?"

"I am very glad."

"May I ask why, Miss Florence?"

"Because—well, perhaps I had better not explain. It seems to give you pleasure. You would, probably, prefer to be an Englishman."

"I admit that I have a great admiration for the English character. It's a great pity we have no lords in America. Now, if you would only allow me to bring my English friend here—"

"I don't care to make any new acquaintances. Even if I did, I prefer my own countrymen. Don't you like America, Mr. de Brabazon?"

"Oh, of course, if we only had some lords here."

"We have plenty of flunkies."

"That's awfully cleveh, on my word."

"Is it? I am afraid you are too complimentary. You are vewy good-natured."

"I always feel good-natured in your company, Miss Florence. I—I wish I could always be with you."

"Really! Wouldn't that be a trifle monotonous?"

"Not if we were married," said Percy, boldly bringing the idea.

"What do you mean, Mr. de Brabazon?"

"I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Florence—Miss Linden, I mean; but I'm awfully in love with you, and have been ever so long—but I never dared to tell you so. I felt so nervous, don't you know. Will you marry me? I'll be awfully obliged if you will."

Mr. de Brabazon rather awkwardly slipped from his chair, and sunk on one knee before Florence.

"Please rise, Mr. de Brabazon," said Florence, hurriedly. "It is quite out of the question—what you ask—I assure you."

"Ah! I see how it is," said Percy, clasping his hands sadly. "You love another."

"Not that I am aware of."

"Then I may still hope?"

"I cannot encourage you, Mr. de Brabazon. My heart is free, but it can never be yours."

"Then," said Percy, gloomily, "there is only one thing for me to do."

"What is that?"

"I shall go to the Brooklyn Bridge, climb to the parapet, jump into the water, and end my miserable life."

"You had better think twice before adopting such a desperate resolution, Mr. de Brabazon. You will meet others who will be kinder to you than I have been—"

"I can never love another. My heart is broken. Farewell, cruel girl. When you read the papers tomorrow morning, think of the unhappy Percy de Brabazon!"

Mr. de Brabazon folded his arms gloomily, and stalked out of the room.

"If my position were not so sad, I should be tempted to smile," said Florence. "Mr. de Brabazon will not do this thing. His emotions are as strong as those of a butterfly."

After a brief pause Florence seated herself at the table, and drew toward her writing materials.

"It is I whose heart should be broken!" she murmured; "I, who am driven from the only home I have ever known. What can have turned my uncle against me, usually so kind and considerate? It must be that Curtis has exerted a baleful influence upon him. I cannot leave him without one word of farewell."

She took up a sheet of paper, and wrote rapidly:

"Dear Uncle—You have told me to leave your house, and I obey. I cannot tell you how sad I feel, when I reflect that I have lost your love, and must go forth among strangers—I know not where. I was but a little girl when you gave me a home. I have grown up in an atmosphere of love, and I have felt very grateful to you for all you have done for me. I have tried to conform to your wishes, and I would obey you in all else—but I cannot marry Curtis; I think I would rather die. Let me still live with you as I have done. I do not care for any part of your money—leave it all to him, if you think best—give me back my place in your heart. You are angry now, but you will some time pity and forgive your poor Florence, who will never cease to bless and pray for you. Good-by!"

FLORENCE.

She was about to sign herself Florence Linden, but reflected that she was no longer entitled to use a name which would seem to carry with it a claim upon her uncle.

The tears fell upon the paper as she was writing, but she heeded them not. It was the saddest hour of her life. Hitherto she had been shielded from all sorrow, and secure in the affection of her uncle, had never dreamed that there would come a time when she would feel obliged to leave all behind her and go out into the world, friendless and penniless, and poorest of all in the loss of that love which she had hitherto enjoyed.

After completing the note, Florence let her head fall upon the table, and sobbed herself to sleep.

An hour and a half passed, the servant looked in, but noticing that her mistress was sleeping, con-

tented herself with lowering the gas, but refrained from waking her.

And so she slept on till the French clock upon the mantel struck eleven.

Five minutes later the door of the room slowly opened, and a boy entered on tip-toe. He was roughly dressed. His figure was manly and vigorous, and despite his stealthy step and suspicious movements, his face was prepossessing.

He started when he saw Florence.

"What a sleeping gail!" he said to himself. "Tim told me I'd find the coast clear, but I guess she's sound asleep and won't hear nothing. I don't half like this job, but I've got to do as Tim told me. He says he's my father, so I s'pose it's all right. All the same I shall be nabbed some day, and then the family'll be disgraced. It's a queer life I've led ever since I can remember. Sometimes I feel like leaving Tim and settin' up for myself. I wonder how 'twould seem to be respectable."

The boy approached the secretary, and with some tools he had brought essayed to open it. After a brief delay he succeeded, and lifted the cover. He was about to explore it, according to Tim's directions, when he heard a cry of fear, and turning swiftly saw Florence, her eyes dilated with terror, gazing at him.

"Who are you?" she asked, in alarm, "and what are you doing there?" (See illustration front page.)

This wonderful exciting story of 38 Chapters is one of the most intense in love, interest and adventure ever written by that great author of wholesome stories for Boys and Girls, HORATIO ALGER, JR. This story is full of human interest and all of our readers, both young and old, will fully enjoy reading it through. It is a long and exciting story and in order that our subscribers will not be obliged to wait a year to see its final, and we are to add a 32 page "COMFORT" Magazine Supplement Section to accommodate this and other new features. The first part will appear with May "COMFORT" and all subscribers who send money now to renew or extend, or all new subscribers who start subscriptions at this time will receive the story of the continuing this story and many other things as soon as issued.

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1. John Brown.

## PORTRAITS AND PARAGRAPHS OF PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

1. One of the first things King Edward of England did, of a personal nature, was to remove from the grounds at Balmoral Castle, Scotland, the statue of that canny old Scot John Brown, who for so many years was the first favorite of Queen Victoria. His rooms in the castle which had been left as they were when he died, were also dismantled and every reminder of the old servant about whom the Queen was no doubt rather foolish, was destroyed.

2. The National Council of Women held their annual meeting in Washington in February for the transaction of a great deal of work on lines for the improvement of women's condition chiefly in public affairs. Among the prominent women is Rev. Mrs. Amanda Deyo, President of the National Peace Union.

3, 4. The Senate of the United States, a most august body as is supposed, was brought into great discredit during February by the fist fight on the floor between Senators Tillman and McLaurin of South Carolina. McLaurin asserted in the course of a long speech that Tillman had lied, and Tillman at once attacked his colleague. The two men have been quarreling all over their own state for months. Tillman, who is a populist, charging that McLaurin had sold out to the Republicans for the state offices. Both Senators were suspended, and dismissal of one or both may result.

5. Miss Susie Sorabji, a Parsee lady, is one of the interesting visitors at present in the United States. Up to 1841 no Parsee had ever become a Christian, but in that year Miss Sorabji's father, a wealthy Parsee gentleman, became converted, and afterwards used all his influence in the cause of Christianity. Mr. Sorabji suffered many persecutions, but was faithful for fifty years, when he died. His widow is at the head of a great Christian school in Poonah, and all her children are active workers and teachers at various points in India. Miss Susie and her sister have four schools in Poonah. She is a remarkable speaker and is lecturing in this country for the cause in which she is interested. The Parsees are the Persians of India.

6. This is the official photograph of the President of the United States. The official photograph was taken by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, is approved by the President, and is put away for safe keeping in a vault in the Bureau, along with photographs of all the other Presidents, as far back as photographs are known. When a President dies, souvenirs are made from the official photograph. President Roosevelt selected this photograph as the best ever taken of him, and it became official in February.

7. The Mother of Governor Odell of New York, one of the best known and most prominent governors in the Union, died at her home in Newburgh, N. Y. in February at the age of seventy-one. She was married in 1850 to Benjamin B. Odell and lived in Newburgh from that date. She left five children.

8. One of the best known and most popular writers of plays in the United States is Clyde Fitch of New York, who writes a new play or two every year, and has done so for several years past. But overwork is bound to break any one down and Mr. Fitch has been sent South by his physician and ordered to rest absolutely for months, or pay the penalty with his life. More Americans wear out than rust out.

9. It is possible that the best President the Republic of Mexico ever had, Gen. Porfirio Diaz, may resign, or he might die suddenly. In either event he would be succeeded by Gen. Bernardo Reyes, Minister of War, next after Gen. Diaz the most popular man in his country. Under Diaz Mexico has enjoyed years of peace and prosperity, but none of the southern republics are reliable, and Mexico might undergo a change of government peacefully and it might not.

10. No woman has given as much to the cause of education as has Mrs. Stanford, widow of the late Senator Leland Stanford of California, her chief and greatest gift being twenty millions of dollars to Leland Stanford, Jr. University, California, founded and endowed by her husband as a memorial to their only child, Leland, Jr., who died at the age of sixteen years. Mrs. Stanford has given away hundreds of thousands of dollars in all kinds of charities. She is now over seventy years of age.

11. Prominent in the politics of the country is Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the few millionaires who is not laboring always in the interest of the rich. He is the leading single tax advocate and his hobby is three cent street car fares. He is Kentucky born, having been a street car driver and poor and got his start by an invention of a fare box for cars without conductors. His first name is plain "Tom," and not Thomas.

12. The combinations of capital generally were greatly astonished by the action of President Roosevelt in ordering Attorney General Knox to investigate the matter thoroughly.

13. All Spain has been torn up internally for weeks, the centre of the disturbances being at Barcelona, which is always ready for a riot, as the people there are energetic and enterprising, and have plenty of money, which they do not want to surrender in the shape of taxes. Gen. Weyler, whom we all knew in Cuba, has, as Minister of War, taken hold of the reins of government and will hold them tight. He is not one to hesitate if there is any killing to be done.

14, 15. The scientific world for some time past has been interested in the trials of M. Santos Dumont at Paris, France, in sailing his balloon in any direction he pleases. He claims to have a balloon that may be directed against the wind, but he has not made all his claims good. However, he has done some remarkable sailing, and recently the ex-Empress Eugenie congratulated him in person at Monaco, after his evolutions over the Mediterranean. As may be seen, the ex-Empress is no longer the beautiful woman she once was, and her years are telling on her very plainly. Santos-Dumont is a young Brazilian of great wealth, and he is experimenting at his own expense.

16. The New York Yacht Club which has charge of all the great yacht races which have given the United States the victory over England in every race that has been run, the last one defeated being Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock II, has elected Lewis Cass Ledyard as Commodore. The Club has two thousand members and four hundred and sixty-eight boats in the fleet. It is the most famous yacht club in the world.

17. Associate Justice Horace Gray of the U. S. Supreme Court, has suffered a paralytic stroke, but at last accounts he was in a fair way to recovery, although his age, seventy-four years, is against him. His mind is clear, but his muscles are beyond his control.

18. The most famous jeweler in the world, Charles L. Tiffany of New York, died in February at the great age of ninety years. Mr. Tiffany has not been in active business for some years, but his sons carry on his business in his name. The stamp of "Tiffany" on all kinds of gold and silver jewelry, glass and other works of art, is a sure sign of superiority. Mr. Tiffany left a fortune of millions.

19. The fastest trotting horse ever known is Cresceus owned by George H. Ketcham of Ohio. His record is two minutes, two and a quarter seconds, and Mr. Ketcham is his own driver. In the six years he has been trotting he has won in purses \$102,851.50, or over \$17,000 a year. Mr. Ketcham is naturally proud of his great horse, and it is something to own the fastest trotter the world has known.

20. Since early September of last year, the whole Christian world has been disturbed by the capture of Miss Ellen Stone, a missionary, by Bulgarian brigands who held her and her companion, Madame Tsilka, for a ransom put at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Being an American missionary the Protestant churches of this country immediately set to work to raise the money. It was not an easy task, but something over sixty thousand dollars was forwarded to Consul Dickinson, and after months of negotiating the brigands accepted the amount and Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka were released and restored to their friends. No other women have had such an experience as theirs.

21, 22, 23. Still in the shadow of her husband's tragic death, the widow of President McKinley sorrows in her quiet home at Canton, Ohio, but she is trying to smile again, and chief among the friends who cheer her most are the three children who live in a pretty house near her own. They are Ramona, Dorothy and Wanda Smith, aged twelve, ten and five. Dorothy is the favorite and often drives with Mrs. McKinley when she visits her husband's grave. The children's father is a clergyman and was a close friend of the late President.

24. When Melville W. Fuller of Chicago was appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Cleveland, and came to make his home in Washington, there were eight daughters in his family, who made the home of the Chief Justice a gay gathering place for society, though three of the daughters were yet in school. Now all of them are married except the youngest, Miss Frances, whose picture is given here, and we may expect her soon to follow in the footsteps of her sisters, for she is a very pretty girl.

25, 26. One of the notable recent weddings was that of Miss Morton, the fourth daughter of ex-Vice President Levi P. Morton of New York, and Mr. Winthrop Rutherford, one of New York's famous 400. Miss Morton is not quite half the age of her husband, who is forty-four, but it was a love match, and as neither married for money, it is probable their married life will be happier than many among fashionable people.

27, 28. It is, in some respects, a pleasant thing to be rich, and much is said of the good times that the sons of rich men have. We give the pictures of two of these favored youths, one, Frank J. Gould, who recently came into possession of ten millions as his part of the estate

left by his father, Jay Gould, and the other, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., whose father is said to be the richest man in the world. Both live in New York, both have married within a year, and both are young men of good habits, Mr. Rockefeller being quite active in church work.

29, 30. Since this country has been undergoing such a German craze over the visit of the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, a picture of Hon. John A. Kasson of Iowa, the only living ex-Minister to Germany from this country, and Hon. Carl Schurz, the only German born American who ever held a position in the Cabinet of a President of the United States, Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Hayes, will be of interest.

31, 32. The largest corporation in the world is the United States Steel Company, generally known as the "Billion Dollar Trust," and the head of it is Charles Schwab of Pennsylvania, who was a poor boy of German parentage. Mr. Schwab has recently returned from a visit to Europe where he was entertained by the royalty and nobility and the common people. He was accompanied by his wife, whose picture with her husband, was taken as they left the ship in New York. Mr. Schwab secured some unpleasant notoriety by gambling at Monte Carlo.

33. Dr. Parkhurst, the noted New York preacher and reformer has written the following letter to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress on the Cuban situation, which voices the sentiment of the American people; at least, as far as Cuba is concerned:

DEAR SIR: Permit me to say that to reduce the tax on beer and tobacco and to leave untouched the tariff on Cuban productions would be an act discreditable to the country that tolerates it, a disgrace to the parties in or out of Congress that, directly or indirectly, are responsible for it and an outrage upon the Cubans, whom we have made so loud a pretence of defending.

C. H. PARKHURST.

34. The Norwegian navigator, C. E. Borchgrevink, who has recently returned to America from an exploring expedition towards the South Pole, reached a point within 800 miles of the Pole, which is 500 miles farther than any previous explorer has attained. Hereports the temperature as low as 84 degrees for days at a time, and they had seventy-one days of absolute darkness, during nearly the whole of which the wind blew a terrific gale, sometimes reaching one hundred miles an hour. He was absent a year with his party.

35. When Prince Henry of Prussia was in New York City a luncheon was given to him by a committee of New York men at which one hundred men who are foremost in the great industrial enterprises for which the United States is now famous were invited to meet him. At the head of this committee was J. Pierpont Morgan of New York, who is the greatest business organizer the world has ever known.

36. In London last month at the Horse Show, the Princess of Wales, daughter-in-law of the King of England barely escaped being run over by a fractious horse that was frightened by the music and shouting.

37. The senate and House of representatives met in joint session last month to listen to an eulogium pronounced on the late President McKinley by John Hay, Secretary of State. His address was an hour and a quarter long and was listened to by a distinguished audience, including Prince Henry of Prussia and his suite.

38. One of the most pleasing acts of Prince Henry of Prussia, who made himself very popular with all Americans during his visit to this country, was receiving on his yacht, Mrs. Moore of Pittsburg, Pa., whose mother had been a nurse to the wife of the Prince in her infancy. Mrs. Moore and the Prince talked together for more than an hour and he was greatly pleased with her visit.

39. The prettiest American girl now feted in Europe is Miss Gladys Deacon of New York. She is but nineteen, yet all the courts are agitated over her, and the Crown Prince of Germany became so infatuated that his father, the Emperor, was compelled to interfere to prevent complications.

40. One of the great affairs tendered to Prince Henry of Prussia while in New York City was a dinner given by Mr. Herman Ridder, Editor of the Staats Zeitung, the leading German newspaper of this country. It was a press dinner and more than one thousand newspaper men attended. The Prince made the best speech he has delivered while in this country. It was a very democratic assembly and everybody had a good time with the Prince.

41. Possibly the most unpopular man in England is Joseph Chamberlain, whose bad feeling toward the Boers has been most pronounced. His wife was an American girl, the daughter of Secretary of War Endicott, under President Cleveland. She was popular in Washington and has been popular in England, and she has recently set herself the task of presenting her husband to the public in a better light than he has thrown about himself. It is no small work, but American women can overcome a world of difficulties when they try to.



26. Mr. Rutherford.



27. Frank Gould.



28. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr.



29. John A. Kasson.



30. Carl Schurz.



31. Charles Schwab.



32. Mrs. Schwab.



33. Dr. Parkhurst.



34. C. E. Borchgrevink.



35. J. P. Morgan.



36. Princess of Wales.



37. Secretary Hay.



38. Mrs. Moore.



39. Miss Deacon.



40. Herman Ridder.



41. Mrs. Chamberlain.



2. Mrs. Deyo.



3. Senator McLaurin.



4. Senator Tillman.



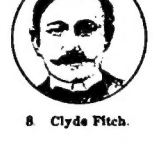
5. Miss Susie Sorabji.



6. The President.



7. Mrs. Odell.



8. Clyde Fitch.



9. Gen. Reyes.



10. Mrs. Stanford.



11. Tom L. Johnson.



12. P. C. Knox.



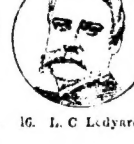
13. Gen. Weyler.



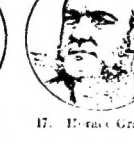
14. M. Santos Dumont.



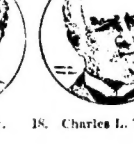
15. Empress Eugenie.



16. L. C. Ledyard.



17. Horace Gray.



18. Charles L. Tiffany.



19. Geo. H. Ketcham.



20. Miss Stone.



21. Ramona Smith.



22. Dorothy Smith.



23. Wanda Smith.



24. Miss Fuller.



25. Miss Morton.









MRS. FRED T. DUBOIS.

## IN THE REALM OF WOMAN'S CLUBS



MRS. CHAS. H. DEERE. MRS. CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS. MISS CRONK. MRS. BALLARD.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



MRS. ALTHEA R. BEDLE.

OUR separate and distinct national organizations of American women societies have recently held interesting sessions in the city of Washington, and on the first day of May there will begin in Los Angeles, Cal., the sixth biennial session of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which will be largely attended by delegates from every portion of the Union.

The organizations which met in Washington the past month were the National Daughters of the American Revolution, the Woman Suffrage Association, the National Council of Women, and the National Mothers' Congress. All were largely attended and great interest was manifested in the sessions.

Perhaps none of the societies of women have a grander or more lofty motive than the Daughters of the American Revolution. The object of this association is to maintain and preserve the patriotic history of by-gone days; to instill into the souls of the present and succeeding generations a love and veneration for the tried and true heroes who fought the battles of the country in the days of old, when England sought to subjugate and forever control the people of the American Colonies. To be a

member of this largely increasing organization one must be a descendant of a Revolutionary soldier. The recent session was the eleventh Continental Congress and was presided over by Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of United States Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, who was again elected President-General of the Congress for the ensuing year. Among the vice-presidents elected was Mrs. Althea Randolph Bedle, widow of ex-Governor Bedle of New Jersey, whose portrait appears as the initial cut to this article. Mrs. Bedle is one of the most distinguished society women in the country. Another prominent woman at the congress was Mrs. Charles H. Deere, of Moline, Ill., who was elected State Regent of the Illinois Daughters of the American Revolution at Washington. By the birthright of an ancestry which reverts to a Colonial governor on one side and to Revolutionary heroes on both sides of her family, she possesses a patriotic devotion akin to that which swayed the hearts of the yeomen of old. Taken all in all, the recent Continental Congress was a brilliant and commendable success.



MRS. ELENORA THE REV. ANTOINETTE ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. SUSAN B. ANTHONY. THE REV. ANNA H. SHAW. MRS. RACHEL FOSTER AVERY. DR. CORA SMITH EATON.

The annual convention of the Woman Suffrage Association was attended by a large number of delegates, chief among whom was Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, both honorary presidents of the Association. These ladies have long advocated the right of suffrage for woman and their names are known throughout the civilized world. Besides these ladies there was in attendance Mrs. Elenora Babcock, of Dunkirk, N. Y., in charge of press work; the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, a pioneer suffragist; the Rev. Anna H. Shaw, vice-president at large; Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, Dr. Cora Smith Eaton, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, and many others of prominence in the movement. Committees of the Association appeared before Congressional committees and plead that women be allowed to exercise the right of suffrage.

A more representative body of women than

various sessions. Mrs. Anna D. West of Massachusetts is to have charge of "Clives," Miss Ellen C. Sabin of Wisconsin, who holds a professor's chair in the Milwaukee-Downer College, will direct the session on education. The evening devoted to "Literature," which is usually a star session, is being arranged by Mrs. May Alden Ward of Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Dimmes T. S. Denison of New York, the vice-president, is to direct the "Civil Service" session, this subject being presented for the first time to the convention. For the press session Mrs. Ella W. Peattie of Chicago has been chosen; for the art session, Mrs. A. H. Brockway of Brooklyn, while Mrs. Florence Kelley of New York will preside over the industrial session. Some of the other subjects to be considered are clubhouses, travelling libraries, forestry and the Audubon movement. No less than three mornings have been set aside for business, and these will be in charge of Mrs. Lowe, the president. The question that may arouse more interest than all the others, if introduced at all, will be the color problem. The idea is advanced that the General Federation should not discuss the question, but should permit each state federation to settle the matter as it sees fit.

That these five great organizations of women above described, are doing much for home and humanity cannot be gainsaid. And that the subordinate branches of these associations are likewise of benefit, incalculable benefit to their members is equally true. A good club woman is a good wife and a good mother. The influence of the women's club is in the direction of the intellectual and moral upbuilding of the family.

It has been lately said that the country had gone "Woman Club Mad" so many different organizations having come into existence all over the Union. It is true that Literary Clubs and in fact women's clubs of all kinds are being organized in nearly every section and where in some cases the mothers may neglect their home



MRS. IDA M. WEAVER. MRS. HANNAH G. SOLOMON. MRS. JOSEPHINE SILONE YATES. MRS. WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH. MRS. ZINA YOUNG GATES. MRS. CALISTA ROBINSON JONES. MRS. KATE WALTER BARRETT.

the board of officers chosen by the National Council of Women at the congress held in Washington it would be hard to find. Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, of New York City, the new president, has been president of Sorosis twice. She is a daughter of the American Revolution and a member of the Society of American Women in London. Mrs. Ida M. Weaver of Idaho, first recording secretary, is a member of the Idaho Democratic state committee. Mrs. Kate Walter Barrett, of Washington, D. C., second recording secretary, is superintendent of the Florence Crittenden Mission, which she represents in the Council. Among other women present at the Congress were Mrs. Calista Robinson Jones, president of the Women's Relief Corps, which has a membership of 145,000 women, whose devotion to the sick and destitute soldiers of the Civil War is well known; Mrs. Josephine Silone Yates, president of the National Association of Color-

dues, we think in most instances the women's club life tends to broaden out the ideas and make better mothers, wives, sisters and daughters.

### Chats with Aunt Minerva.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

ravine we should observe that the ice nearly filled it from side to side and terminated at length among the gardens and pastures of the lower valleys, a stream of water gushing forth from its cavernous extremity.

"It has been proved by a number of careful observations that the motion of glaciers closely resembles that of rivers, swifter in the center and slower near the sides and bottom. The rapidity of the motion depends on the season of the year, size of the glacier and inclination of its bed. The average rate per year for glaciers of the first rank in the Alps is about one hundred yards, for those of

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"But we Americans have no occasion to visit Europe in order to see glaciers, as we have very much larger ones in Greenland and Alaska than any in the Old World. The Humboldt glacier in Greenland is more than sixty miles in breadth, three hundred feet deep and of unknown length. All ice products are naturally found in their perfection in the Arctic regions. The grandest glacier region of the temperate zone is in the Himalaya mountains. One of these glaciers, that of Bepho, is thirty-six miles in length and covers hundreds of square miles in area. The Ganges in India springs from under a glacier with a torrent forty yards in width."

MARY W. EARLY, Lynchburg, Virginia.

I must not forget to thank our cousins Lottie E. Held of Princeton, Maine, and Elsie Smith of New Rochester, Ohio, for pleasant letters I am sorry not to be able to use. I hope they will both try again. And now we must say goodbye for another month.

AUNT MINERVA.

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Venerable Records of the Doin's in the Cobb Corner Postoffice, "Writ out" by the Boy Behind the Counter.

[EDITOR'S NOTE. The quaint philosophers, the dry wags, the shrewd dickerers and the eminent yarn-spinners of the countryside make a forum of the country postoffice when there is room at the rear around the big stove. The stories and incidents on which some of the most successful human interest novels of the day are constructed come from the quaint loungers around the stores in Yankee communities. These official records of "Jeth's Crowd" are to be taken down month by month for the readers of "Comfort," and we hope that as you become acquainted with the members of the "Congress" your interest in their discourse and stories will deepen. In the May number of "Comfort" the "Cobb's Corner Congress" will continue sessions.]

HE Postmaster came staggering in from the woodshed with three snowy sticks of birch. The gang that was hugging the stove surveyed him blandly and disinterestedly and made no move to get out of the way.

"H'ist up your hucks," he snorted and then without a word of warning he dropped the big sticks clattering to the dented floor. All the loafers snapped away their legs as agile as lobsters in deep water. No, not all! Uncle Wack Spofford was looking up the eclipses in a patent medicine almanac and

didn't notice the impending avalanche. One of the sticks caught him right across the toes.

"Je-e-e-e-e Cris'mus, Sancho Pedro!" he squealed dropping the almanac and grabbing his foot.

"Wal, git out the way, then!" grunted The Postmaster, opening the stove door and raking the coals forward.

"If I thought ye done that a puppus," yelled Uncle Wack, "I'd cuff your jackass ears up to a peak and then cuff the peak off."

"How long hev' ye held the heavyweight championship of the world?" The Postmaster asked tauntingly.

"Wal, I was allus able to wrassle you back-holts when we went to school," whined Uncle Wack, scuffing his toes with his palm.

The Postmaster, squinting and squizzing his face as the heat from the open stove door flared against it, simply snorted in disgust. The others in the crowd wagged their jaws solemnly.

"Hain't goin' to be a dooel, is the?" asked Teed Strout.

"If ye fight, s'pose ye take stockin's of mud at tew paces and let us all in on the side-lines."

"There hain't no satisfaction fighting with a pole-cat," growled Uncle Wack extending his foot and wriggling his toes to determine whether any had dropped off. "If I thought ye done that a puppus," he continued, "I'd never trade with ye another cent's wuth, tom dink me if I would."

"Wal, I might's well go and tell Square Shaw to draw up bankruptcy papers," The Postmaster retorted. "I've been makin' a swingin' big profit off'n that molasses and that kalro-sene I've been sellin' ye. Then I make a pretty good thing off'n the soap and clothes-pins I sell ye sence your wife has commenced to take in washin's to support ye while ye set 'round this store and stick your fat old feet out in the way of bus'ness."

Uncle Wack started up out of his chair. Just for one instant the eyes of the gang opened. By the manner in which Uncle Wack clutched his cane some expected that he would hit The Postmaster a clip. But he simply limped away toward the door gasping over and over again, "Not another cent's wuth—not another cent's wuth, to save your pelt from perdition." He went out and banged the door.

"Wal ye hain't lost any canvas that will slack your headway a mite," said Cap'n Jote Bailey. "He's too mean to fertilize pigweed," chipped in Teed Strout.

"D' I ever tell ye about the time we dug out the fox over on Tarheel Hill near Wack's place?" asked Ezzy Pitts. "Wal' me'n Uncle Jud and one of his boys run a fox into a hole one day and we set to work to dig him out. Now you all know that ye never can dig a fox out in this county without a jug of hard cider. I don't know how they be in other counties but that's the way fox hunters be here. 'Specially Uncle Jud, there. He couldn't throw dirt a cent's wuth without hard cider."

"We had cider with us—a quart for ev'ry three feet of hole. But I reckon that fox must have worked one time on the Niggeruargan canal. Uncle Jud reckined he still had four feet to go when the cider giv' out. Says I to the boy, 'Bub, ye jest run over 'cross to Uncle Wack's and tell him to fill the jug up with his best cider. Tell him I'll settle with him when I come 'long past his house on my way home.'"

"Pritty soon the boy was back with the cider. Uncle Jed got out of the hole, slucked the sweat off'n his forehead, horsed the jug over his elbow and took a good swig. 'Hah!' said he. Then he smacked his lips harder 'n I ever heard him before."

"'Crippy,' said he, 'that's jest got the ting to it. But it seems to me it's jest a dite ha'ash. See what you think, Ezzy.'"

"So I took a sniffer. Wal, I set down on a rock heap once that had a nest of yaller-tail hornets in it and I was some surprised. But I wa'n't any more so than when I took that drink. It seemed to taste like cider and then ag'in there was something about it that made me think I had swallered a red-hot horseshoe, nails and all. I looked over to Uncle Jud, tryin' to git back my breath to say suthin'. He was rubbin' his hand around over his weskit in a circular fashion, still smackin' his lips. 'Seems 's if it set powerful hot on the innards,' says

Uncle Jud, the tears fairly poppin' out ag'in'at his nose.

"It's takin' holt of me jest a crumb, too," I says. Then says I to the boy, 'Where'd ye git this tophet tonic?'

"Over to Uncle Wack's where ye told me to go," says he.

"Who drewed it for ye?" says I.

"Uncle Wack did," says he. 'He said he had some drawed into a jug in the sullen way and he went right there and filled our jug up whilst I held the candle. He said the bill would be twenty cents.'

"I must say it's burnin' my innards quite noticeable," says Jud, sloo'f'n up the drool in the corners of his mouth. He really looked distressful. I wasn't feelin' well myself.

"Here, boy," says I. 'Jest ye sample this will ye, and see what it tastes like to you. P'raps Uncle Jud and I have kind o' blunted our tasters while we've been knockin' round in the world.'

"The boy took in a mouthful and then he rose up into the air and spit it out. He was standing on a snow drift eight feet high. That mouthful that he spit out bored a hole right straight down to the ground jest as if it had been chain lightnin'."

"Weraow-w-w!" yelled the boy rollin' around on the snow; 'it's pizen.'

"Wal, I don't p'tend to say it's pizen," says Uncle Jud, 'but it sartain hain't dyspepsy cure.' And he kep' on rubbing his palm around over his weskit.

"Blame the stuff," says I. Then I grabbed the jug and tipped it all over that fox hole. It commenced to run out—go-lug, go-lug, go-lug! In less than ten seconds—whoosh, up come that fox. His hair was mostly burnt off and he was the most astonished lookin' fox I ever seen in all my life. He giv' me a re-

proachful stare as much as to say, 'You're a mighty skinny sport, you are!' Then he twisted 'round and whined and lapped at his tail. Ev'ry time his tongue touched his brush a wad of hair come off. The fox kept whinin' and lapping, and in no time, almost, he had lapped off ev'ry hair. There that tail stuck straight out like a nigger's sore finger. The fox looked at it melancholy-like for a minute and then he give me one more of those reproachful looks that said, 'I don't care to live in a world that's got sports in it like you!'

Then he laid down there on the snow and died. Blame me, 'twas sad.

"Jud," says I, 'we've got to hunt into this matter. I feel like as though there was a blacksmith shop set up inside of me.' So over to Wack's house we went as though Satan was chasin' us. We found the old sanup jest taller-in' his boots. He was a-comin' over to where we was diggin' out the fox. Trouble was, he was feared that we'd skin away without payin' him for that cider.

"Look here, Wack," says I, 'what in tunket did ye put in that jug? Our stummicks feel as though we had lit spring bonfires in 'em.'

"Cider," says Wack. "Course it's cider," says he, puttin' down his taller and lookin' at us, astonished-like. 'The boy seed me draw it out of the jug. Come to the sullenway and I'll show ye that it was jest cider.'

"So he lit a candle and we went along to the sullenway. Wack took the stopper out of a jug and smelt. Then he took the stopper out of another jug on the lower step and smelt of that.

"Wal, wal, wal," says he, 'I vum I'm gettin' sort of careless. I've been and mixed them two jugs. That's dretful careless in me. Here I've been and sold ye lye instid of cider.'

"Lye!" we yelled.

"Yas," says he, 'did ye bring it back?'

"Some of it," says I, rubbin' my stummick. "I poured the rest down a fox hole, you blamed old hard-shelled turtle, you!"

"You understand," says he, 'that lye is thutty cents a gallon. I was only chargin' ye twenty for the cider. I shall look to ye to make it right. I shall hav' to tax ye for the lye. 'Twas careless in me.'

"Say, what do ye think of that? Like to sent us to Kingdom Come with pizen and never said a word about bein' sorry. All he thought about was gittin' ten cents more fer that lye."

"What did ye say to the mis'able old pettator bug?" asked The Postmaster.

"What in timentation could ye say that would express your feelin's?" asked Ezzy disgustedly.

"Furder, my tongue was so swelled up by that time I couldn't do justice to the case. But I did tell him one thing. I told him I'd be swatted if I'd pay for that lye. And he dunned me for that thutty cents ev'ry time he seed me fer a year. He's what I'd call about as peak-ed a man as we've got in town."

Ezzy passed his plug around the circle. When all were chewing comfortably Teed Strout remarked: "Then ye don't none of ye reckon that Wack will ever give the town a ten thousand dollar lib'ry buildin'?"

The "Huuh" that was snorted in chorus woke up the cat. She thought a window had blown in.

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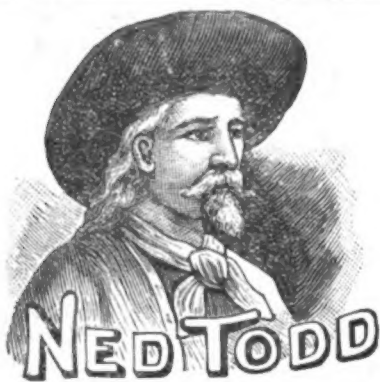
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## NED TODD

### The Oklahoma Detective, —OR— The Strange Cabin in the Wilderness.

BY HENRY DALE.

Author of "Boomers and Cattle Kings," "The Cheyenne Outbreak," "Shadowing a Shadow," "Chepita," "Mormonism Unveiled," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

The opening chapters of this intensely interesting story appeared in February COMFORT. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing three cents to COMFORT, Augusta, Me., for each number desired.

During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east and west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner. A Kansas telephone girl luckily secured a lot valued at \$17,000, and others were nearly as fortunate.

Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from its perusal.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### SEPARATED.

In that hour of peril, Archie Holland's muscles were like steel. His hand which under ordinary excitement might have trembled, was now as steady as an iron bar.

"Where are you going?" they heard a voice from above ask.

"To the front room," another answered. "Come on, we've got no time to fool away down here."

"If Cap Snell don't hurry up, he'll get away."

"Who fired that shot?"

"I don't know. It was some blunderin' fool."

"He's awake by this time. Two shots ought to warn any one. Come on up to the attic."

"Hello, there is the trap door open."

"Let it alone, we've got no time to fix it now."

It was evident that these two men knew nothing about the fair prisoner, whom Snell had confined in the dungeon, nor did they dream that Archie Holland had found her. As they went away, one of them said:

"Well, we've got the worst one fast."

"That evidently means that Todd is either dead or a captive," Archie Holland thought.

"Well, I must now prepare to fight it out alone and at the same time defend this unfortunate girl."

As the footsteps passed out of the upper room, Archie Holland said:

"Miss Miller if we would baffle our foes we must act at once. Come, let us get out of here."

"How will we?" she asked.

"There is a sort of a stairway leading above. I struck it several times in my fall."

He raised her to her feet, and she was so weak that she scarce could stand.

"Come now, let me help you."

"I am very weak—I cannot walk—" she began.

"Courage, courage, young lady."

"No, no, it is no use, kind sir. Go! fly for your life, save yourself, for I would only be a drag to hold you back."

"No, no, I cannot consent to that. We will both escape or perish together."

"It is folly for you to stay here with me, or attempt to escape with me. Fly! go while you can."

"Young lady, I promised your dying father that I would find you and rescue you from these fiends, or die in the effort, and I intend to keep that solemn obligation."

"My father?"

"Yes, did I not tell you that I saw him die? They left him for dead, and we came upon the body before life was extinct. He died in my arms, and he begged me to find you and take you from Capt. Snell."

"Then you are not one of the Oklahoma banditti?"

"No, I am like yourself a traveler in misfortune; but I will sooner die than violate the oath that I made to your father."

The young lady made another effort to walk and found her strength rapidly returning. They groped their way to the foot of the rickety stairs, and there the youth took the weak girl in his strong arms, and carried her to the apartment above. Here all was darkness.

The tramp of many feet in and about the house, the hurried whispering of voices could be heard. Something of an important and serious nature was evidently going on. Archie knew that it was the banditti assembling in the front room where he was supposed to be. At this moment the loud chuckling and giggling of the idiot could be heard.

"Shet up, Snap," some one growled, and the kick that momentarily silenced the idiot could be plainly heard from where they were.

"Miss Miller," Archie whispered, holding one of those little trembling hands in his own, "you must be very brave now."

"I am—I am gaining my strength every moment," she answered.

"Follow me," he said, and he began groping his way about the room.

"Is there an outlet that leads to the open air?" she asked in a whisper.

"There certainly is, and yet I have been unable to find it."

The youth was groping his way about the room, feeling with his fingers for some door or window, when he suddenly heard a loud knocking at the door of the room he and his companion had occupied but an hour or so ago.

"The assassins have gone at their devilish work," he said.

Loud angry voices could be heard even from where they stood.

"Open this door, open it quick or we will batter it down," cried one more loud and fierce than the others.

"Maybe he's not in there," said some one.

"Yes, he is."

"I saw him go in," put in the rascally host.

Archie gnashed his teeth, and wished that he had the hypocrite in his power.

"Open the door, open it quick or we will smash it down," commanded an imperious voice of one who was, beyond doubt, in command of the bandits.

"Oh dear, what shall we do?" sobbed the girl.

"We must get away as soon as possible for there will certainly be trouble if we do not."

"Crash, crash, crash," came heavy blows against the door above.

Archie was all the while busily engaged, trying to find the door, which in the darkness was no easy undertaking. At last his fingers ran against the window sash, and he seized it.

It was made of iron same as the others, but when he tried to raise it, it yielded beneath his touch, and slid upward without any difficulty.

"Thank heaven!" he mentally ejaculated, "we at last have a means of escape."

The room in which they were was on the ground floor and it was but four or five feet from the window sill to the ground. He held the window up with one hand, while he passed his disengaged arm around the slender waist of Miss Miller, and raising her gently yet quickly passed her through the window. Although the moon shone, the window was so hemmed in by a shed and cluster of creeping vines all about the house, that the rays of the moon could not reach it.

It was like lowering the young lady into a pit of darkness.

"Do not fear, I will soon be with you," said Archie, as she hung over the window sill.

"I am not afraid, let me go!" she answered firmly.

He held his arm about her waist, and lowered her, until her toes touched the earth, and then released his hold.

"I am coming," he whispered.

At this moment the door to the attic room gave way with a crash, and a yell rose upon the air. It was only for a moment, however. An instant later, all was the deepest silence.

"He's not here," cried a voice, hoarse with rage and disappointment.

"Gone," cried another.

"Gone where?—where is he?"

"Aye, that we don't know."

"Bryce, Bryce, didn't you say he was in this room?" asked another.

"Yes, I'd swar I saw him come in here," answered a man whom he recognized as their host.

"But he's gone."

"'Twas him that fired that shot," suggested another.

"Then he's in the house yet?"

"Of course, he can't git away. Come on, an' we'll have 'em both."

With a loud shout the banditti ran from the door clattering down the narrow, crooked stairway.

Archie Holland had not waited for this determination on the part of the bandits, but leaped nimbly through the window, alighting on the ground by the side of the frightened girl.

"Come," he whispered, placing his arm about her waist to support her faltering footsteps.

"We will yet escape them."

They hurried along under a sort of a shed and entered the door of an out-house, which was but a few feet away from the main building. The confusion and noise in the main building had increased to an uproar.

The out-building proved to be a sort of a general storage room. There were a few barrels, boxes and general rubbish in it. From a narrow aperture on the side opposite the main house the faint rays of the moon streamed in, giving a tolerable light.

"Wait here until I take a look around us," said Archie to his fair companion.

"I will," she answered sweetly and patiently.

The full light of the moon fell on her features and he now discovered that she was very pretty. Her eyes and hair were black, and her features regular, complexion clear, and form symmetrical. When Daisy Miller dis-

covered that her rescuer, whom she had not been able before to see, was young and handsome, she blushed. But rescuer and rescued had not time to give each other a moment's thought.

Every second was more precious to them than millions in gold. Archie wheeled to the narrow aperture but the next moment started back. Within four or five feet of it stood a tall, powerful brigand, holding a rifle in his hand.

What was he to do? That sentry must be gotten rid of before their way was clear. Perhaps there was some other opening through which they might escape. The shed building in which they were hiding was sufficiently open for the moon's rays to shine through and partially light the interior. He discovered a door opening to another apartment, and without knowing whence it opened, he conducted his fair companion into it.

"Step carefully, so as not to make any noise," he whispered to her.

"I will."

"Do you know anything about the country about here?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Here is a door anyway," he said as the moon's rays revealed cracks about a door. Carefully raising the latch he noiselessly opened it, holding a pistol ready for any emergency.

A man was sitting with his back toward the door. The slight noise they were compelled to make, caused him to start, but before he could realize what was about to happen, the butt of Archie Holland's pistol descended upon his head with such crushing force that he fell senseless to the earth.

So slight was the noise, and so busily were the outlaws within engaged that they did not hear the blow which felled one of their comrades.

Without a moment's delay Archie seized Miss Miller in his arms and bore her from the house to the wood. He had gone but a few rods when he paused beneath a giant oak to rest and listen.

"Miss Miller," he said, "I have a companion and friend somewhere near here, whose services would be invaluable to us if we could find him."

"Find him and bring him here by all means," interrupted the brave girl.

"But you, will I dare leave you alone?"

"Yes, sir, I will have no fears at being left alone."

"I think you had better stay here. By the way, the branches of this tree come quite low to the ground, can you not be concealed among them?"

"Yes, sir."

He assisted her to mount among the thickest of the limbs, and then bidding her remain until he should come for her, he went down the forest path.

On the right the small bushes and tall grass formed a complete jungle. We can hardly say that Archie's plans were fully matured. He knew that unless the pistol shot he had heard had killed the border detective he was in all probability alive, but a prisoner. If he was a prisoner and Archie could succeed in rescuing him, he felt sure that they would be able to make their way to the Boomers' camp, where they would be safe. Then he would resume his search for his father.

He paused as the sound of footsteps coming up the path fell on his ears. To avoid meeting the person coming up the path he withdrew to the thicket and sank to the ground.

"It's no use of staying there," one of the approaching men was saying. "One's enough to watch him now that he's tied. We must be looking after the other feller."

They went hurriedly up the hill and he could not hear anything more they said.

An angry yell rose from the house, at the discovery that he had escaped. The yell was answered by a shout from the men who had just passed the concealed youth, and were now between him and the oak tree, where he had left Daisy. Archie realized that she was in danger of recapture, but he knew from what he had heard that the ranger was a captive somewhere, and that he could best serve the beautiful young lady by securing his liberty and assistance.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

The night was destined to be one of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

The perils of the day sank into insignificance when compared with the night.

When Todd heard that command and found himself seized and the pistol muzzle thrust against his temple, he did not despair. For a single moment he seemed to yield to his would-be captors; but, just as the fingers clutching his shoulders began to relax their grip, he performed a most wonderful backward somersault, the toe of his heavy boot striking the arm that held the pistol.

There was a blinding flash, a stunning report, and the bullet whistled harmlessly through the air.

"Hold on!" roared one of the two men who had seized him from behind. "Don't let him break away."

But they knew not what a giant they had to contend with. Todd was on his feet in a moment, and with his left hand, which he had managed to free, struck one of the ruffians a blow which laid him sprawling on his back.

He had his revolver in his right hand, and could he have got that free also, he would undoubtedly have made it disastrous for the three men who had pounced upon him; but the man who had seized his right arm was a powerful fellow, who realized that his life depended on his holding the pistol like grim death.

The Major struck him once on the side of the head, staggering him, and would have come out best in the struggle, had not the man who had fired the shot recovered from the effects of the kick and knocked the detective senseless with the butt of his pistol.

"There, Jack, you hev done it," said the man who had been struggling with the pistol, stooping over the fallen man and feeling of his head to see if the skull was broken.

"Don't believe it. Ye'd better be a looking out, fur he may only be playin' possum," said the man called Jack. "He's got more lives than a cat, an' if we don't look sharp he'll git away with us yet."

One of the men coolly wrung the revolver from the hand of the detective and put it in his belt.

"Now, Jack, let's tie him hard and fast," he said.

"All right, Sam, hev ye a cord?"

"No, but Tom has some buckskin thongs."

"Where is Tom?"

"Here," growled the man who had been knocked down, starting to his feet, rubbing his bruised and bleeding face.

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"Dun no, think it must have been a comet struck me. Saw more'n forty thousand stars," answered Tom.

"It wuz Ned Todd's fist as hit ye. Come, give us a thong to tie him."

"Hain't ye killed him?"

"Then let me run a knife to his liver fur that knock he giv me."

"No, we don't want to do it yit."

"Why?"

"The Cap'n wants him a prisoner."

"Oh, the Cap'n go to thunder. He ain't been knocked down like I hev."

"Give me the thongs and shet up," said Sam. Tom, grumbling some unintelligible threats, floundered among his numerous pockets and at last drew out a handful of deer skin thongs.

"Thar they are," he said.

"Come, Jack, and help tie him."

"I believe he broke my arm with that kick," said Jack.

"Come both o' ye and help me tie him quick," said Sam, for he had at this moment discovered that the unconscious man had begun to show some symptoms of recovery. "We've got to be quick about this chap, for if he comes to hisself he will prove too much for us yet."

"I'd rather cut his throat," growled Tom.

But they aided Sam and soon had Ned Todd tied hard and fast. When he was secured they began to breathe easier.

"Now if Cap was only here we'd be all right," said Sam, sitting on the ground by the side of the captive.

"Where is he?" asked Tom.

"He went to look up some o' the others. He thought that this would be an awful job, but I guess that we managed it without any great amount o' trouble."

"Ef ye'd got knocked down like me, ye'd a thought that it was some trouble."

"Cap will be surprised when he learns what we've done. The wust o' the two is bagged as neatly as can be, an' there'll be no trouble in gittin' the other. What, hello, comin to yer-

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No. 5

No. 6

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self are ye? Well, I'm glad on it. Hup ye'll come out all right so we kin have a chance to hear ye aqual. I thort yer skull was too thick for a little whack like that to crack it."

Sam glared in exultation at the prostrate man before him. All the border desperadoes and outlaws had good reason to dread Ned Todd. He had brought more road agents to justice than any other man, and was heartily despised by all. The three scoundrels knew that this act of theirs would give them quite a local reputation among their comrades on the border.

The detective made no response to their taunts and jeers.

Nearly an hour had elapsed since his capture, when the report of a pistol was heard in the direction of the house, and a terrible confusion ensued. Men could be heard running about the house.

"Thar, they've got the other 'n," said Tom.

"No, they hain't," returned Jack, seriously.

"I bet he's got away."

"Let's go up and see."

"No, we musn't leave this feller."

"Why, he's tied so he can't budge an inch," said the impetuous Tom.

"But he might," responded the cautious Sam.

"He's the wust of the two, and if we let him git away—"

"He'll not git away. By Jiminy, thar's a fight up thar, an' I'm goin' t' hev a hand in it," cried Tom.

"So'm I," put in Jack. "Sam's enough t' guard a feller what is tied."

"You'd better stay here, boys," said Sam, somewhat alarmed.

"No, no, we're goin'; one's enough to watch him. Ef ye can't do it, blow his brains out an' come on."

They hurried away up the narrow path, and Sam clutched his revolver in his hand and glared furiously at the prisoner on the ground before him.

"I've a notion to take his advier," he hissed through his teeth. "I've jist a notion to put the pistol to yer head and blow yer brains out. What ye got to say about it?"

"Nothing," Major Todd answered.

"Ye ain't?"

"No, it would be useless to say anything. I am powerless to prevent you."

The scoundrel had raised his pistol, evidently to carry out his threat, when a loud yell rose on the air. What did it mean? The guard rose to his feet, standing over the detective listening to the noise on the hill above him and giving little attention to the prisoner. He really needed no attention, for never was a man more helpless.

"I guess thar's a rumpus over thar," said the guard, turning back the broad brim of his hat and trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes.

So intently was he engaged that he did not hear the slight rustling of bushes in his rear. The detective heard the noise and began to take hope. Suddenly he heard a footstep. The guard heard it, too, and turned—but too late.

Whack! came a blow upon his head and he staggered and fell. Another blow rendered him unconscious.

Of course the newcomer was none other than Archie Holland.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, going to where the detective lay.

"No."

"Are you tied?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will soon have you loose," said Archie, whipping out his knife and cutting the bonds which bound the detective.

"Now look to that fellow; he may revive sufficiently to get away," said Todd, rubbing his wrists which had suffered severely from the tight thongs.

Archie went to the side of the fallen outlaw, who had just begun to revive.

"I'm glad I did not kill him," he said, "because I want bloodshed to be my last resort; but now that he is not dead what on earth are we to do with him?"

"Handcuff and gag him."

"Have you any irons with you?"

"Yes, here's a pair in my coat pocket. I usually carry a pair about me. Put these on him and we can tie his feet with some of these deer skin thongs."

Before Sam had time to recover, he was securely bound. Todd then suggested that he be taken farther back into the wood.

"We may have the rascals all about in no time," he argued.

"Yes, Major, and there is another person besides ourselves to look after," said the youth.

"Who?"

"Miss Daisy Miller, the daughter of the man who was killed by Captain Snell. The young lady who was captured by the Oklahoma banditti."

He then proceeded to give the detective a brief account of his adventures since they had separated, indicating the strange manner in which he had discovered Miss Miller.

"This has been a night of miraculous adventures," said Todd.

"Yes, and they are not over yet."

"No, listen; they are scattering. We must get away from here."

"Where will we go?"

"Get this prisoner out of the way," said the detective. Major Todd seized the bandit, who had now almost recovered consciousness, "Don't dare give utterance to a single cry, or I will knife you," he said.

"Spare me, Oh, Ned Todd, spare me," the wretch groaned.

"I am glad that you are aware who I am. If you know me you will understand that I am not to be trifled with."

"I know that," was the answer in a pitiful, whining tone.

"Then keep your mouth closed."

They crept back to the thicket, dragging their captive with them. Todd had been careful to possess himself of the rascal's pistol and knife.

"They are searching the woods for me," said Archie, with some anxiety.

The shouts and sounds of voices had grown less distinct, but the cracking of twigs indicated that the Oklahoma outlaws were in the woods.

"We can very easily get away from here," said the detective.

"But Miss Miller is sitting among the branches of that great, old oak tree; we must not leave her behind," Archie answered.

A cloud came over Ned Todd's face, but he made no answer. As they were groping their way through the dark jungle, they suddenly came upon a small shed-like house, about ten feet square. It was made of rough hewn boards not very strong. For years it had evidently been neglected for the grass and weeds had grown up about it so thick that they almost concealed it.

Creeping vines, wild ivy and hazel were

growing all about it, so that they were almost against the house before they had seen it.

"This is a good place to bait and watch their movements," said the detective.

"Yes, but we must find Miss Miller."

Loud voices could be heard not fifty paces away.

"They are about the very tree in which she is hiding," said Archie. "Heaven grant they may not find her."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

Angry, excited men could be heard tramping through the woods. Oaths and imprecations could be heard filling the air, and at times almost swelling to a sullen roar.

"I wish we had her here," the youth whispered.

Todd had been silent until now. He knew the locality in which the robbers were must necessarily bring them near the young lady's place of concealment.

"I think one of us had better stay here," he said, after a few moments' reflection, "and the other go to the tree and bring her here to us. We have got to do some fine work just now, or we will lose our heads yet."

"I will go."

"I believe you had better stay here and guard the prisoner. My experience in wood craft may enable me to do more than you can."

But Archie was anxious to go himself. He thought that Miss Miller would be more apt to recognize in him a friend, than in a man whom she had never seen. After some precious minutes lost in argument, Todd said:

"Well, then, since you insist on it, you can go. I will stay and keep guard over this fellow. A great deal depends on keeping him safe."

Archie waited for no second instruction, but started off through the woods.

"Come on, come on," cried a voice not over thirty paces away. "Let's go whar the other is. We'll be sure o' one o' em yit."

Archie Holland fell to the ground and lay as still as if he were dead.

"That voice, that voice," he thought. "I have heard it before, but where? It is like some long forgotten dream, it is familiar to me, and yet it brings an unpleasantness with it."

"All right, Cap, we are comin'," responded half a dozen other voices.

There were some commands in a tone so low that our young friend could not catch them, and then followed a tramp of feet down the hill.

"Now is my time," thought the youth, and he rose and crept through the jungle, parting the bushes with his hand so carefully that he made scarcely any noise.

The oak tree was soon in sight, and he made his way as carefully and with as much speed as possible toward it.

"Is she there? Has she been discovered and is she almost dead with fright?" he was asking himself, and trembling with apprehension, despite all his good resolutions to the contrary.

He is now beneath the tree, his eye trying to pierce the gloom and get a glimpse of the fair fugitive.

Before he knew it he was almost face to face with a man. A cocked revolver was at his head, and a deep voice in a low chuckle, said:

"I've got ye now!"

"Hold on, who are you?" demanded the youth.

"He, he, he, I know who you are, and this settles it."

"Snap!" went the pistol.

Archie Holland could scarcely realize that his life had been saved only by the pistol missing fire. He acted on the impulse of the moment, and so suddenly that he astonished himself. At a bound he was on the man and struck him one well directed blow which made him stagger. He recovered immediately, however, and closed with the youth. In that dark and silent old wood there then commenced a death struggle. Neither spoke nor made any outcry. Luck was again on the side of the youth. His antagonist stumbled and fell heavily, his head striking a stone with such force as to stun him. Archie stooped over the prostrate form and gave him a whack with the butt end of his pistol to assure himself that he would be bothered no more by him, and hastened to the tree.

"Miss Miller, Miss Miller," he whispered.

"Yes, sir," came the voice, faint, yet distinct, from the branches of the stout old oak.

"Hasten down quick."

The girl made but slight noise as she descended, and the youth kept a sharp look-out for their enemy.

"Here I am," she said, and turning round he saw the beautiful girl standing at his side. The pale moonlight made her white face radiant and her black eyes were in strong relief against her clear complexion.

"We must go," he whispered. "My friend is now waiting for us in this jungle."

"Sam, Sam, Sam, where are you?" a voice was calling at the foot of the hill.

"Here, quick, come on, they have discovered the escape of Major Todd, and we must go to him as rapidly as we can."

Drawing her small, trembling hand through his arm, he started through the thicket. Thorn bushes tore their clothes, and switches flew back striking them in the face, and in some places the jungle seemed almost impenetrable.

To add to their general discomfort, the voices of their pursuers could be heard at times too near to be comfortable.

"They are somewhere in the woods or thicket," cried one voice, not over fifty yards away.

Archie paused and held the fair, trembling girl at his side, determined to defend her with his life.

"Do not be frightened, Miss Miller," he said. "I shall defend you. They shall not harm you." She trembled, yet a strange thrill of pleasure passed over her frame. She realized what a noble escort she had.

"Won't they search the woods?" she said.

"Yes, and we must join Major Todd and leave here."

"Is he alone, why did he not come with you?"

"I left him guarding a prisoner."

"A prisoner?"

"Yes, we captured a bandit, and are now encumbered with a prisoner. But here we are," he concluded, as they suddenly came upon the vine covered wall of the strange old building.

"Archie," whispered a voice from the darkness.

"It is I. Is all right?"

"Yes, you succeeded?"

"I did."

"They are all round us now."

"I know it; listen, they are beating up the bushes."

The sound of tramping feet could be heard.

The detective and his young companion stood with pistol in hand, ready for conflict.

"Haden't we better make a fight here?" asked the youth.

"Not if we can help it. If the worst comes to the worst we will fight, but not as long as it can be avoided."

"Where is the prisoner?"

"In that old house."

"Had we not better bring him out?"

"No, he is bound and gagged, so that there is no doubt but that he will be quiet. He understands that he's to be shot if he makes any noise."

The youth crept to the opening and looked in. Dark as it was, he could make out the form of the prisoner sitting upon the floor. All sounds in the woods seemed to cease, and Archie, creeping back to where his companion was, asked:

"Are they all gone?"

"No, not by a good deal. They are nearer than they seem."

"Where?"

"There, I heard a footstep."

"Where?"

"On the other side of the house."

Suspicious sounds were heard by both. They were very much like the faint creak of rusty hinges, and both sprang to the window of the old house just in time to see the prisoner jerked through an open door on the opposite side.

"Ha, ha, ha!" rang out a wild, hoarse laugh on the other side.

"He's gone, Major," cried Archie.

"Shoot him."

"It's too late."

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No month of all the year has been given so much attention by poets and writers as the month of April. Over and over the "low hung clouds" the April day of smiles and tears has been described and praised. It is the swift transition from sunshine to rain that seems to have endeared the fickle month to those gifted with imagination. Change seems to be synonymous with charm to those who are observers of the fickle month. "If you were April's lady" was evidently intended to point to a resemblance between the months and fair femininity—all smiles and tears.

We are showing our warm admiration for Germany. This might be done as effectively if we really approached the Emperor in a spirit of fair minded inquiry. Germany as well as some other nations has a system of old age pensions that show an advanced plane of thought. Our millionaires give with unlimited hand to colleges and kindred institutions—few give to make the closing years of life more pleasant to those who are not subjects for the almshouse. Homes for the aged when the payment of a small sum will secure good care are few. Mr. Carnegie has given a large sum for the establishment of old age pensions among his employees. Some railroads have a similar provision. The idea is one that should appeal to charitable givers. No memorial to a loved father or mother could be more lasting than aid to the humble aged and poor.

One of the most interesting incidents of Prince Henry's visit was the fact that on his way over he had gone into the steerage of the Kronprinz Wilhelm and asked the steerage passengers why they were leaving Germany. A fair sized crowd from Germany lands at New York with every incoming steamer. As the Prince journeyed through our land he must have felt surprise at the thousands and thousands of Germans who are now citizens of the Republic. It may be food for thought to this scion of royalty to ask "Why?" One irreverent newspaper suggested that it was in order to avail themselves of the democratic privilege of the plain citizen of New York who called from a mud scow to the imperial yacht "Hello, Hen!" It may be precisely for that reason for lack of the lack of breeding and the coarseness of the greeting was a real spirit of sturdy independence. In reality, they might have answered the query as to their change of home by saying as one writer has that America spells opportunity.

Statistics show the surprising fact that New York is the fourth city of the United States in the size of its colored population. Washington, Baltimore and New Orleans are ahead of New York but with those exceptions, New York leads every southern city. A remarkably small per cent. of the number belong to the dependent or criminal class. There is some light in these figures upon the solving of the "negro problem." It has been claimed that the future of the colored race lay in their adopting an agricultural life. They must be able to force success through other means of industry as these alone can furnish employment in a great city. They also seem able to combat successfully adverse climatic conditions for New York is not tropical in its climate. The negro in the professions will probably have to look for support to his own people unless he demonstrates a rare ability that lifts him beyond the reach of average competition. The field of domestic service is open for all with a demand that always exceeds the supply. New York has the

## LOVE, THE SLEUTH.

Heart vs. Detectives in the Great "Purinton Mill Mystery."

By HOLMAN F. DAY.

### CHAPTER I.

"But Where is the Body?"

**O**N the 24th of June, 1898, Mansfield village was shocked and bewildered by the most perplexing and sensational affair in its history—a case that became ere its untangling—one of the great criminal mysteries of the nation, even though it occurred in an obscure village in Maine.

I refer to the "Squire Brett Disappearance," or the Purinton mill mystery.

Thus on the 24th day of June, 1898, Squire Caleb Brett, 85 years old, leading business man of his county, ex-state senator, richest resident in the town of Mansfield, disappeared in broad noon from among his life-long friends, leaving for clues only snips from his garments and his well-known beaver hat.

The narrative carefully follows the developments of the affair and the reader is therefore left month by month in the same puzzled frame of mind as that which prevailed in Mansfield during the unraveling of the case. The story gives vivid pictures of life in a typical New England village during a period of excitement and the characters are clear cut. As a matter of fact, the story is in a measure based on actual happenings and most of the characters are drawn from life. Though the detective element is introduced in the tale there are none of the unreal effects of melodrama but the movement of events travels connectedly and naturally. All the evidence in the affair will be set down for the perusal of the reader just as it came before the detectives and the county officers, and therefore the readers may exercise detective talents on his or her own account. Those who follow the story should take this evidence and study it, even as

largest demand for labor and the negro must be able to meet this demand or the race would not be so fully represented in New York.

### Are You Pleased with This Month's "Comfort?"

We would like to hear from all our subscribers, write us everybody and let the editor know what departments in COMFORT please you most. Do you like the short stories the continued stories or the departments best?

How do you like the opening chapters of "Adrift in New York?" This story will develop into a very interesting and exciting account of Tom and Florence braving the world. Don't fail to follow it.

The COMFORT Clubs, the Prize Essays, the Homefinder and Lawyer, the Floral Department and Pictorial Paragraphs of 40 people as well as the New Puzzle departments and other features just added we trust will please our many readers and we hope to hear from you and learn just which ones you like most as we want to give you just what will please you all most. Next month we have the magazine supplement to add in order to give you still more of the good things and if you do not receive COMFORT and the supplement you will know it is because you did not pay up. Every reader should extend their subscription now for six months while it only costs 10c. That is the only way for you to be sure of getting the May paper supplement. We are removing thousands of expiring subscriptions this month; unless you are paid May up-to-date yours will surely be removed.

Be sure and fill out the coupon on this page and send in and also can you not help Mother Wray along and send some of the endless Chain Coupons printed on page 17 to your friends and earnestly urge them to subscribe now. It will please the dear old lady very much and we know your friends will more than thank you for calling their attention to "COMFORT" it is now so full of good things.

### Great Colonial Story.

The intense interest manifested in all parts of the nation over the many Colonial Novels, such as Richard Carvel, Janice Merideth, To Have and to Hold, etc., issued during the past year or two has aroused a feeling of high regard for the exciting adventures of the Revolutionary times. In the May number we shall begin a very strong story of love and adventure, "The Daughter of a Whig," having to do with events of the good old Colonial days. Etta W. Pierce, who died not long since, was a most dramatic writer of stories, bearing on events happening about old Boston, dating back over a hundred years ago, and we know our readers will be more than pleased with this particular story. As this and several other stories of its like will be published in COMFORT during the next few months, those of our

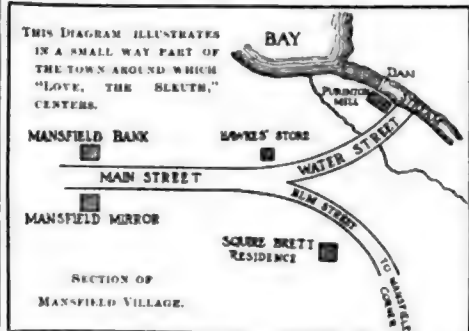
did the officers concerned. All will have the plain facts to work on. It is asserted by the author with a considerable measure of confidence that the denouement, which is reserved for the final chapter, will be difficult of anticipation. If you solve the mystery in your own mind you will prove a better detective than most of the shrewd men who were employed on the case.

Through the tale, mingling with the grimmer incidents runs a love story that gives heart interest to many occurrences.

"Love, The Sleuth," will be commenced in May and will run through most of the present year. This announcement is made so that all readers may have time to arrange their subscriptions and now take advantage of the low priced 6 months' trial subscription offer on this page only 10c. Remember, that unless you have renewed or subscribed within the past six months that COMFORT will be discontinued with this issue unless you renew at once.

Send in either your full year or 6 months' subscription today. In this way only can you secure free the 32 page magazine section supplement to be issued with the May edition.

Above are the opening and concluding sentences of the first chapter of COMFORT's new serial story that will be commenced in the May number. Though the Squire was whisked



from the sight of men so suddenly and mysteriously, circumstances developed to involve first one and then another of his associates and for months the village of Mansfield was rent by sensations and surprises, suspicions and accusations.

subscribers whose time has expired should immediately renew as we are carefully revising our entire subscription list and all expiring subscriptions will be removed as fast as we can reach them. If your time is about to expire, or if you are a new reader see to it that you either extend your subscription for another year, while you can do so at the low price of 25c., or else take advantage of the trial 10c. six months' offer on this page so you will not miss the first installment of the story and also keep in touch with the new departments, Puzzles and other prize features that are being added each month to COMFORT's already interesting pages. Certainly there is no other 25c. or even 50c. magazine that is so up to date in good wholesome interesting reading and pictures as COMFORT is.

### Send in Your Clubs Under Prize Offer Closing April 30th.

There is but a short time in which to work under our Prize Offer Plan. Now is the time to hustle and get in all the subscriptions you can. It makes no difference how small a town you live in, you can enter for the special Cash Prizes Contest of fifteen hundred and sixty-

**TO OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS.** If this notice and coupon is printed in RED it will inform you that your subscription has expired and that your paper will be stopped with this issue unless you at once send either 25c. to pay for "COMFORT" until January 1st, 1903, or 10c. to extend your subscription six months.

### SUBSCRIBE NOW

### Extend Your Subscription and Get Magazine Supplement.

Owing to extensive additional improvements in "COMFORT" much beyond those first contemplated, compelling us to issue a Magazine Supplement, we may be obliged soon to announce an advance in the subscription price from 25c. to 50c. a year, of which we give timely notice to our valued old subscribers. To all subscribers old or new we make the following offer at this time. Fill out, sign and send in the special coupon subscription blank below with ten cents to pay for six months' trial subscription; and we will put you on our list as paid six months in advance, the subscription to

Publishers COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 10c. please enter my subscription for COMFORT for six months paid in advance, and after that continue my subscription at 25c. a year unless otherwise ordered, I thus being entitled to and sure to receive "COMFORT" May Magazine Supplement.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## I Will Cure You of Rheumatism. No Pay Until You Know It.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't, I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you. I know it and I take this risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine; also a book. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 304, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

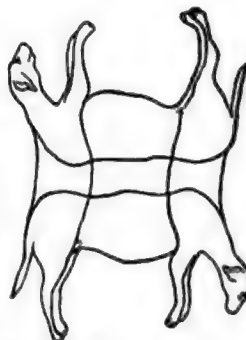
seven dollars if your place does not contain but a hundred inhabitants. We say to all now working to keep working. Keep working.

### Presidential Prize Puzzle.

The awards will be announced in next month's issue, giving full details of all prize winners under this offer.

### Ned Todd Illustrated.

The dramatic interest now being developed in COMFORT's great detective story compels some striking illustrations to be made and next month we shall picture some of the most interesting situations which our artist is now busily engaged in making. Don't fail to extend your subscription at once, so as not to miss any of the thrilling chapters that are coming during the next few months. See subscription coupon offer for six months' extension. You will receive the magazine supplement and continue "Adrift in New York," if you subscribe or extend now.



N the March number of "COMFORT" appeared the picture of two dogs, obviously dead, which by the addition of four lines would be restored to active life. Herewith is the solution of the mystery, and "COMFORT" readers will see by hunting around and holding at proper distance how easily the proper lines have brought the apparently lifeless dogs

into running mates.

**100 FINE WHITE ENVELOPES** Recently Printed with new W.F. HOWE, PRINTER, BEESD PLAIN, VT.

**CORSETS** Girdles, Skirts, etc. Agents Wanted. Samples Free. J. B. Wood & Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

**"Man Wanted"** To sell Teas and Coffees. Commission of Salary. W. I. Co., Box 3906, New York.

## NEW CURE FOR FITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness or St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or friends that do so, my New Discovery will CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for my FREE REMEDIES and try them. They have cured thousands where everything else failed. Sent absolutely free with complete directions, express prepaid. Please give AGE and full address.

**DR. W. H. MAY,**  
94 Pine Street, New York City.



## DOWN IN SUNNY ALABAMA.

WORDS BY JAMES BURRELL.

ANGELINE, A COON LOVE SONG.

MUSIC BY JAMES T. BRYMN.

1. Down in sun - ny Al - a - ba - ma, close be - side a run - ning stream, Where the  
2. When the trees are turned to gold - en, then I know the day is near, That my

*Moderato.*

*mf* *p*

cot - ton tails are grow - ing and all na - ture seems to dream; Where the sweet mag - no - lia's blos - soms send their per - fume to the breeze, And the  
wait - ing will be o - ver and I'll get my wish most dear, For that lit - tle dus - ky maid - en she will be my hap - py bride. Like a

night - in - gale sings sweet - ly to his help - mate in the trees; Near to the stream there stands a cot with ros - es 'round the door, A dusk - y brighteyed maid - en waits for  
bird with - in its nest, I'll watch o'er her with care and pride; And when the pick - an - in - ny's come to play a - round the fire, At twi - light then she'll rock them fast a -

me. . . . Then my heart it starts a beat - ing and I love her more and more. For I know she'll list - en while I sing this plain - tive mel - o - dy:  
sleep, . . . Croon - ing some old fash - ioned lul - la - by as though she'd nev - er tire; In the still - ness then I'll whis - per as close to her side I'll creep:

*REFRAIN. Tempo di Valse.*

*mf*

You are the light of my eyes. . . . An - ge - line, all mine, . . . Bright as the clear summer skies . . . in some love - ly clime, . . .

Pa - tient - ly, babe, I can wait . . . for the hap - py time, . . . When in my arms I can hold you and call you my An - ge - line. . . .

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Published by Richard A. Saalfield, 1123 Broadway, New York City, who will mail catalogue, free of charge, on receipt of name and address of any of our subscribers.



Keep your temper, whatever else you may give away.  
Ink stains may be taken out of mahogany by applying spirits of salt.  
Charcoal left in jars or bottles over night will remove disagreeable smells.  
Hold your needle over something white if you have trouble in threading it.  
Old cotton stockings may be made into lampwicks which answer very well.  
To keep insects away from bird cages suspend a little bag of sulphur in the cage.  
One of the simplest and most effective cures for burns is a covering of wheat flour.  
Leaves of parsley eaten with vinegar will remove the

odor of onions from the breath.

To preserve eggs apply a solution of gum arabic to the shells and pack them in dry charcoal.

Blood stains may be removed by rubbing with a piece of cotton batting soaked in chloroform.

To prevent a lamp from smoking soak the wick in vinegar and dry it thoroughly before you use it.

When chamber towels get thin in the middle cut them in two, sew the selvages together and hem the sides.

When the color has been taken from silk by acids it may be restored by applying to the spot a little ammonia.

A mixture of spirits of turpentine, three ounces, with one ounce of essence of lemon will remove grease spots.

In making coffee observe that the broader the bottom and the narrower the top of the vessel, the better it will be.

One flannel petticoat will wear nearly as long as two if turned hind part before when the front begins to wear thin.

Take care of the liquor you have boiled poultry or meat in; in five minutes you may make it into very palatable soup.

When you dry salt for the table do not put it into the salt cellars until it is cold, otherwise it will harden into a lump.

Feather-beds should be opened every third year, the ticking well dusted, scraped and waxed and the feathers dressed.

White lace may be revived by breathing upon it and shaking it and flapping it. The use of the iron turns lace yellow.

If vegetables are cooked a very short time, two or three minutes too long over the fire, they lose their beauty and flavor.

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will impair the color of the silk.

A good bug poison is made of proof spirit one pint; camphor, two ounces; oil of turpentine, four ounces; corrosive sublimate, one ounce. Mix and apply.

Cream of tartar water, with a little lemon juice added, is an excellent old-fashioned remedy for prickly heat. It may be drunk in any quantity without harm.

An excellent ointment for bunions is made of iodine, twelve grains, lard or spermaceti ointment half an ounce. It should be rubbed on two or three times a day.

Bottles may be cleaned by putting fine coals into them and well shaking either with water or not, hot or cold, according to the substance that fouls the bottle.

To restore the color of black goods use bruised galls

one pound, logwood two pounds, green vitriol half a pound, water five quarts. Boil for two hours and strain.

A small loop of elastic, sewed to the inner side of the sleeve so that it may be attached to the cuff button, will be found to be better than a pin to hold the cuff securely in place.

Do not screw gas globes tightly to the fixtures, as the heat expansion will crack them. The same is true of lamp chimneys which are kept in place by screws, as many are.

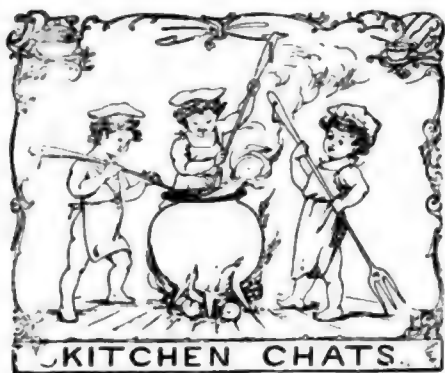
To preserve furs from moth wash them in warm water one pint, corrosive sublimate, twelve grains. Dry thoroughly after washing. Handle the mixture carefully as it is poison.

A fire in the chimney may be extinguished by throwing powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate or stove. Close the grate or stove to prevent the fumes coming out into the room.

Vinegar and salt, or oxalic acid, will restore badly tarnished brass. After rubbing with this, wash the brass thoroughly with soap and water and polish with rotten stone and oil.

A safe protection to gilt frames and other articles from flies and dust is oiled tarlatan. If it cannot be purchased already prepared, it may be prepared by brushing boiled oil over cheap tarlatan.





CONDUCTED BY AUNT SARAH.



**THE**

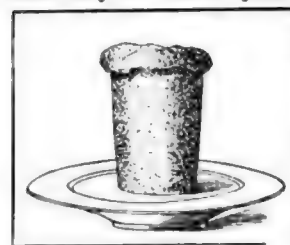
low the boiling point until the skins burst. Drain beans, throwing the water out of doors, and not in the sink. Scald rind of one-half pound salt fat pork, scrape, remove one-fourth inch slice and place in bottom of pot. Cut through the rind of remaining pork every half inch, making cuts an inch deep. Put the beans in pot and bury the pork in the beans, leaving only the rind exposed. Mix together one tablespoon salt, two tablespoons molasses and three of sugar; add one cup boiling water, and pour this mixture over the beans. Then add enough more boiling water to cover the beans. Put cover on bean pot, put in oven and bake slowly six or eight hours, taking off the cover the last hour of cooking that the pork rind may become brown and crisp. Add water as needed, usually necessary as often as once an hour, and be sure the water is boiling. Add no water after cover has been removed. If yellow-eyed beans are used they should be boiled longer before putting into the pot, than the pea beans, as they need more cooking to make them soft. If one hasn't a regular earthen bean pot, a five pound lard pail can be substituted with good results.

## BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

Mix and sift one cup each of rye meal, corn meal and graham flour, one teaspoon salt and three-fourths tablespoon soda. Add three-fourths cup molasses and two cups sour milk, or one and three-fourths cups sweet milk. Turn into buttered tin and steam three and a half hours. Mould should be filled only two-thirds full. The regular mould, having a hole in the center, is the best kind to use if a large loaf is to be steamed, as it is then sure to be well done all through. One-pound baking powder boxes make attractive little loaves, and are easy to slice, and the slices are more delicate because so much smaller than those from a large loaf.

For steaming, put the mould on a wire rack in bottom of kettle, fill kettle half full of boiling water, and add boiling water as needed. Be sure the cover of mould is tied down, to avoid a possibility of steam getting in.

With the usual Saturday night meal of beans and brown bread, a pie of some sort ordinarily forms the desert, with a cup of good Oolong tea. A famous pie in the farming districts of New England is the dried apple pie with one crust. Nowadays almost everyone uses evaporated apple, if the fresh fruit has given out, and these may be used in place of the old time dried apple for a Tart Pie. They should be soaked over night in cold water. Then place them in a small earthen baking dish and add a little hot water. Cover closely and bake three hours in a slow oven. The apples will then be dark red in color. Brown sugar should be used instead of white, to retain the dark color. Cool, spread apples on the bottom crust, and then place narrow strips of paste across the top of the apple, from side to side, to form a lattice work on the top. They should be about half an inch wide, and an inch apart. Apricot filling may be used in this way in place of the apple. Dried apricots can be bought everywhere, and by soaking them over night and boiling until soft, with enough sugar to take off the acid flavor, a very rich filling is made.



## BROWN BREAD.

Cole slaw, or pickled cabbage, makes a good relish for this supper, and if one has red cabbage, the effect is a little more striking. For this shred finely one-half head of cabbage, let stand in salt water for two or three hours, allowing two tablespoons salt to one quart cold water. Drain and cover with one half cup each of cold water and vinegar, cooked with six cloves, and one-fourth teaspoon mustard seed and strained. Let cabbage stand two hours in a cool place—drain and serve.

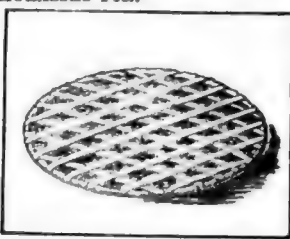
## BROWNIES.

Mix together one-third cup butter, one-third cup powdered sugar, one-third cup molasses, one egg well beaten, seven-eighths cup bread flour and one cup nut meats, cut in pieces, (walnut, pecan or butternut meat can be used.)

Bake in small, shallow tins and ornament the top of each cake with a piece of the nut. Mrs. A. E. Canada has sent us the following recipe for

## MOLASSES PIE.

One cup molasses; one cup sugar; one-half cup butter and five eggs. Mix all together and put on stove, stirring constantly until it thickens. This quantity is enough for three pies.



## TART PIE.

Here is the experience of an American housekeeper who lived a while in Japan.

She employed a Japanese butler and he employed all the other servants. The ten he selected were paid, for the lot, \$33 a month. The butler himself had \$7 a month and the cook had \$6. She says:

"They did their work as if by magic, so noiselessly that I never heard them, and so quickly that by breakfast time everything was in order for the day. During the entire two years there was not a single nick made in a dish, and only one broken, and not an article was lost. When the butler gave up his charge, as we came away, every piece of linen was returned with the worn places mended in the most exquisite manner. Some of the darns had been made into embroidered butterflies, birds and flowers.

## \$3,000 for one Lemon Pie.



It is not often that a woman gets \$3,000 for one lemon pie, but that kind of luck came to Mrs. J. E. Kane of New York City, not long ago. Mrs. Kane's husband is a telegraph operator in one of the broker's offices that are in the Waldorf Astoria hotel, where more millionaires may be found than under any other one roof in the world. Many of these millionaires know the telegraph operator, and when one day they saw him eating a home-made lunch instead of a Waldorf lunch, they asked him jokingly if the Waldorf wasn't good enough for him. He said he liked his wife's cooking better, and when he picked up a piece of lemon pie, that looked very tempting, one of the rich men asked him to let him try for himself what kind of a cook Mrs. Kane was. Mr. Kane was willing enough, and after the rich man had tried the pie, he liked it so much that he asked if Mrs. Kane couldn't send them down a whole one next day. Mr. Kane thought so, and the next day at lunch he had a big pie on hand about fifteen inches across and enough to go around the little crowd of millionaires at their lunch table. The pie was so much better than anything they had had since their mothers' pies, that they agreed to put a hundred shares of Northern Pacific stock aside for Mrs. Kane and let her have whatever it would bring. It was put in the name of "A. G. Pymacher," which meant "A Good Pie-maker," and the next day the sensational rush in Northern Pacific began. The prices kept going up, and Mr. Kane began to get nervous because he was afraid they would hold on too long, and he would not get more than the usual price for a pie. The brokers talked it over and finally Mr. Kane said he would toss a copper to see whether to sell or hold on. To sell won, and the stock was sold netting Mrs. Kane \$3,000 for her pie, which was a very handsome price for a pie, of course, but if Mr. Kane had held on till Northern Pacific did what it did the very next day Mrs. Kane's receipts for that one lemon pie would have been \$88,675, less the broker's commission.

If any lady reader of COMFORT wants to know how to make this famous \$3,000 lemon pie, we give the recipe in full, but we cannot guarantee that she will get \$3,000 for the result of her labors—but she will get a good lemon pie, which to a starving person would be worth more than \$3,000.

## THE CRUST.

Six cups of flour. One pinch of salt. Lard according to judgment. Ice water to dampen crust after lard is well worked into the flour. Knead lightly, so that the dough will just hold together. Put into earthen vessel. Freeze on ice over night.

## THE FILLING.

Three cups of boiling water. Three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch to thicken. Yolks of three eggs. White of one egg. Whites of two eggs for frosting. Butter the size of a walnut. Juice of three lemons and grated rind. NOTE. The main thing to look out for is the freezing of the crust over night.

## Drunkards Cured Secretly

Free Package of the Only Successful Cure Known for Drunkenness Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.



A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send name and address. FREE. Send name and address. FREE. Send name and address. FREE.



**STOP THE WASTE.** The old-fashioned milk pan, or even the improved deep setting creamery does not get all the cream out of the milk. Since centrifugal separators cost too much money, what shall you do? Why, **USE THE AQUATIC CREAM SEPARATOR.** It gets all the cream, stops all waste and does it cheaply. Adapted to one or more cows. Made in sizes up to 40 cows. Their use improves the quality of the butter. Price \$5 to \$15. Full particulars and catalogue free. We want agents everywhere. These machines are good sellers. Write at once. **AQUATIC CREAM SEPARATOR CO., 12 Factory St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**



## SQUABS PAY BEATHENS.

Easier, need attention only part of time, bring big prices. Attractive for poultrymen, farmers, women. Fascinating money-making recreation. Small space needed. Send for **FREE BOOKLET** and learn this immensely rich home industry.

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 15 FRIEND ST., BOSTON, MASS.

NOTE.—Illustration shows in nest a PAIR OF SQUABS FOUR WEEKS OLD, at which age they are killed and sent to market, where they bring from 50c. to 75c. a pair, at retail from 60c. to \$1.25 a pair. Costs five cents for feed to grow a pair (and the same birds, which feed them) from hatch to market age. Do you know of any other thing raised which in four weeks grows from zero to 60c. or more? Delicious eating; try one and see; ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUABS**; they are line-bred by selection; extra fat and highest priced.

**FREE WITH US FREE**

These elegant and fashionable Florentine Buttery Pins are the quickest sellers ever put on the market. Our immense sale is due to being manufacturers—selling direct—sending you goods entirely different from the inferior, scheme goods sent out by others. At 10c. every lady in your vicinity will buy one or two on sight, as the Pins are truly handsome, heavily gold plated, with rich settings of imported stones to Ruby, Emerald, Turquoise and Opals. Our offer is most liberal and we send 24 Pins Free Postpaid. Sell at 10c. each and send us the \$1.40 you receive and we forward the present you earn and select from our large Illustrated Premium List showing 100 other presents we offer. Address in full **HAARD MFG. CO., Dept. 129 CHICAGO, ILL.**

**100 FREE PRESENTS.**

PAIR OF LACE CURTAINS, PRINTED RESS, ELECTRIC FAN, DRESSING MIRROR, DRESSING TABLE, DRESSING CASE, DRESSING BAG, DRESSING KIT, DRESSING SET, DRESSING TRUNK, DRESSING CHEST, DRESSING DRESSER, DRESSING STOOL, DRESSING TABLE, DRESSING CASE, DRESSING BAG, DRESSING KIT, DRESSING SET, DRESSING TRUNK, DRESSING CHEST, DRESSING DRESSER, DRESSING STOOL.

**FREE CHINA DINNER SET**

For a Few Hours' Work Selling Queen Baking Powder. To every purchaser of a pound can Queen Baking Powder we give **FREE** a beautiful Pitcher and 6 Glasses to match, latest cut glass pattern (like picture). To the lady who sells 15 pound cans Queen Baking Powder, giving free pitcher and glasses to each purchaser, we will make a present of a handsome **50-Piece Dinner Set**, full size tableware, handsomely decorated and gold traced. We also give **Waistcoats, Shirts, Jackets, Furniture, Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, and** today for our illustrated plans offering many premiums to customers; it will pay you. No money required. You risk absolutely nothing, as we send you the goods and premiums you select, pay freight and allow you time to deliver the goods and collect for them before paying us. **AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 808-808 North Main Street, Dept. 57, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

**DEAF**

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**Sell Your Real Estate.**

We want good City and Farm property in all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Send description and cash price. **WINSLOW REALTY AND INVESTMENT CO., Sta. E., South Bend, Ind.**

**STEM-WIND WATCH**

We will give you a guaranteed, Stem-Wind Nickel-plated Watch also a Chain and Charm, for selling 19 packages of **BLUINE** at ten cents each. Blaine is the best laundry bluing in the world and the fastest seller. Write us at once, and we will send you the Blaine and our large Premium List, postpaid. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the Blaine, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid. **BLUINE MFG. CO., Box 556, Concord Junction, Mass.** Two Million Premiums given away during the last 3 years.

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Complete Kitchen Outfit **FREE.**

Pottery for Roasts, Stews, Baking or Boiling.

You can get the natural flavor of your food. These vessels, the most desirable and invaluable for every-day use ever made, having corrugated sides and ventilated bottom they heat evenly and do not scorch or burn contents. Our fire-proof clay crock-pots and bakers will stand and retain more heat than any other cooking vessels ever invented. Only after years of experimenting and improvements were they finally perfected so they now not only save you money on entrees and drinkables but save many dollars in fuel and time, giving you perfect uniformity health cooked food of all kinds. They are indestructible.

**NO BURNED BOTTOMS. NO TASTE OF TIN.**

**BOSTON BEAN POT AND CEREAL COOKER.** Our smaller covered handled pot, as above illustrated, is a correct model of the genuine Boston Bean Baker. If your family is fond of the dish, you should have one of them; as with nothing else can you get the same results, tender and rich in flavor, in the way some one puts it.

You can cook more than you will need for a single meal, warm over often and always have the very best warm baked beans.

**RICE.** It is also desirable as a Rice Cooker, in fact, people who eat a great deal of rice and other cereals, buy almost as many for that purpose, as are bought as Bean Bakers. Does away with the double boiler for cooking cereal.

**COFFEE BOILER. Quality and Purity.** Owing to its being seamless and flint lined, it is the only Boiler on the market that can be thoroughly cleaned, after having once been used, thus insuring the quality and purity of your coffee.

**Always Hot.** After having absorbed the heat necessary to boil the coffee it retains it for a great length of time, so that you can have hot (not warm) coffee, without keeping it on a hot stove, until it is spoiled, as so many have to do.

**Saving.** A great many of our customers, after each meal make it a practice to pour off any coffee that may be left, empty the grounds, rinse and then pour it back and when they again wish to serve, add a little fresh coffee, and bring it to a boil, they claim the quality is just as good and that a pound of coffee will last nearly a third longer.

**VENETIAN COOKER.** Differs from all other cooking vessels in that it is higher, has double corrugated sides, a broad and ventilation bottom, and wooden lift on the base and is made from the best material known for the purpose. It will heat more readily and retain and stand a greater strain from heat than any other cooking vessel.

**COMBINATION COVERED ROASTER, BAKER AND STEW PAN.** The Ladies' Friend. The largest covered dish in our Combination Culinary Wonder. It will roast, bake or stew equally well. They are 11 inches diameter, 9 inches high and hold about 11-2 gallons.

The superior advantages of this roaster are: The Meat requires no water or basting. Cooks uniformly throughout. Retains the juice and flavor of the meat and requires no attention. Roasts quicker than any other Roaster made. Browns beautifully, and does not scorch or burn. Meat should not be seasoned until half cooked.

Ordinarily to get a nice cut it is necessary to buy a large roast; with this Roaster 1, 2 or 3 pounds can be as nicely roasted as a 10 or 15 pound cut. Every 4-pound roast will absolutely shrink 16 or 18 ounces if roasted in cast stoves.

If at any time you are using oven for baking you can roast meat on top of stove. It is fine for chicken stew or baked chicken.

It is fine for cooking fruit or canning, making jelly, tomato catsup and preserves, cooking oatmeal, corn meal mush and all kinds of puddings, escalloped oysters, potatoes, white and brown bread and fruit cake, sweet pudding and apple dumplings. In fact, it can be used for every conceivable purpose.

**VENETIAN BAKER.** Used in preference to any other kind of baker for cakes, bread, puddings, custards, escalloped oysters and potatoes, and, in fact, for every conceivable purpose a baker can be put to and is meeting with a sale second only to our VENETIAN COOKER.

It bakes uniformly. No burned bottoms. It does not stick. No messy appearance. It is 11 inches in diameter. It admits of serving in the vessel itself retaining the warmth. It is 31-2 inches high.

We will send you all packed in a nice box early by freight all of these five articles as follows: Secure a club of only 12 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and we will forward this great set of Health Cooking Ware for your trouble. You can easily sell all or part of these dishes as they are extremely new and every family is buying one or more sets. Don't fail to get up the club and secure the whole set of five indispensable cooking articles from us. They can be used three times every day for each day in the year and do not cost you any money as you can sell the smallest piece for more than the freight would be on the whole lot. Get up the club of 12 subscribers at once at only 30c. each.

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER.**

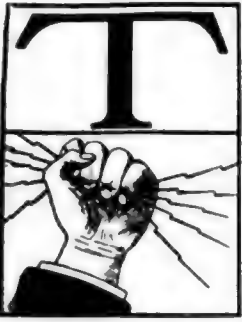
Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



## Practical Electricity.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. EDWARD SWIFT.

No. 1.



THE primary cause of all the effects which we are about to consider is found in a force known as Electricity, from the Greek name of amber (electron), this being the body in which electric influences were first observed. The people of two thousand or more years ago were acquainted with a few facts, such as the attractive power of amber after being rubbed; the benumbing shocks of the torpedo, a kind of electric fish; the aurora borealis; the lightning flash; and the sparks or streams of light which, under certain circumstances, are seen to flash from the human body. Six hundred years before Christ, Thales a Grecian philosopher, observed the former of these facts, but it was nearly twenty centuries before it was suspected that any connection existed between these phenomena.

At the present stages of our information on this subject it would appear that electricity is a mode of motion in the particles of bodies very similar to heat and light. Like sound these are known to be dependent on undulatory motion; but whilst sound is brought out by the vibration of a body, as a whole electricity appears to depend upon some motion of the atoms themselves.

Be this as it may, it is certain that anything that tends to set up motion of the atoms in bodies, will also tend to call forth a display of electric force in one form or another. There are several ways of obtaining electrical results, for instance: mechanical, chemical, and through changes of temperature. Most mechanical action that produces friction or percussion, produces electricity. Every chemical action is accompanied by electrical effects. Changes of temperature, especially if sudden, call forth a display which we are all familiar with—lightning.

If we rub any resinous substance such as amber, resin, sealing-wax or ebonite, with a piece of warm dry flannel, we will find it has acquired a power of attracting light bodies such as small pieces of paper or straw. After remaining in contact for a short time with the electrified substance the paper or straw will fly off as if repelled; and this will be more evident if the experiment be performed over a metal tray. Suspend a small pith ball, about the size of a pea from the ceiling by a piece of fine cotton, dampened, and you will find if you approach it with a rubber comb that has been rubbed sharply that it will be attracted and never repelled; but if you substitute a silk thread for the cotton, the pith ball will first be attracted and then repelled. The damp cotton allows the electricity to escape, hence is a conductor, while the silk thread will not allow the electricity and is called a non-conductor. All bodies are either one or the other. All metals are good conductors, silver standing at the head of the line, with copper, the metal is extensively used, as second. Dry air is the best insulator, or the poorest conductor. Glass and ebonite are also very poor conductors, and are extensively used as insulators.

Electricity is generated by the action of acids or their salts on metals. The metal more acted upon by the acid or salt becoming the negative as can be shown by the following experiment. Two strips, one of copper and the other of zinc one inch by four inches, have a piece of copper wire soldered to each. Take a small flat piece of cork or dry wood an inch square by say three-quarters of an inch thick, and place it between the plates as shown in Fig. 1, and lash them together with a piece of waxed string. Be careful that the plates do not touch at any point. If we immerse this arrangement (which is a simple galvanic couple) in a tumbler of a solution consisting of one part sulphuric acid and three parts water, we shall be able to get a weak current of electricity. If a delicately poised magnetic needle be allowed to come to rest in its natural position, i.e., pointing north and south, and the wires connected with the strips be twisted together so as to be parallel to and over the needle, as shown in Fig. 1, the needle will be deflected out of its nominal position and out of line with the wire. If the needle be again allowed to come to rest, north and south, the battery having been removed, and then the tumbler be held close over the needle as in Fig. 2, so the needle points from the copper to the zinc strip, the needle will be again deflected out of its position, but in this case in the opposite direction. It is a well-known fact that if a wire or any other conductor, along which the electric current is passing be brought over and parallel to a suspended needle after being magnetized, pointing north and south, the needle is immediately deflected from this north and south position and assumes a new position more or less east and west according to the quantity of current passing, and the nearness of the conductor to the needle. We will also find that the direction the needle swings depends also on the direction the current is passing. This is stated in Ampere's law which is briefly as follows:

"If a current be caused to flow over and parallel to a freely suspended needle previously pointing north and south, the north pole of

FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.

FIGURE 3.

# CONSUMPTIVE'S BULWARK

## A Prevention and Cure For Consumption—Threatened Humanity A FULL FREE TREATMENT That Conquers All Chronic Life-Sapping Ills.

Certain diseases kill their victims by gradually robbing them of bodily material—a manner of death slow, yet terrifying, and usually fraught with mental if not physical suffering. Consumption actually consumes; it is a well named plague.

Four requirements must be met to cure consumption and other wasting ill, and Four also to prevent their attack. They are: First, to combat and forestall germs; Second, to nourish the body; Third, to tone and fortify the nerve power of resistance to disease, and Fourth, to meet the demands for local treatment.

### THE FOUR FREE REMEDIES



To combat and destroy germs, to nourish the body, to fortify the system and to soothe and heal broken and inflamed tissues, in accord with the necessities in particular cases, and to thus cure and prevent consumption and all vitality-draining ill of persistent, chronic nature, the above wonderful, Free combination is unmistakably unmatched. It is Dr. Slocum's grand discovery and Free contribution to masterful, scientific medical progress which has marvelously reduced the consumption death-rate in the United States.

Think of it!—the average life in this country

is four and one-tenth years longer now than it was ten years ago.

Reader, if you are a victim of, or are apprehensive that consumption is in your wake, this bulwark of refuge for prevention and cure is yours for the asking—free also to those near and dear to you who need the protective and curative security it affords.

Some need only the Emulsion, others the Coltsfoot Expectorant; some the Psychine Tonic, others the Ozojell. Many send for all four, use one or more appropriate for their own cases and give the other remedies to friends.

### WRITE THE DOCTOR

To obtain these four free preparations, that have never yet failed to cure, all you have to do is to write to

**DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine St., New York,**

and you will be at once sent the four free preparations, with full directions for use in any case. You may as well be one of the increasing army annually saved by modern medical science.

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—When writing the Doctor, please mention COMFORT, giving express and post office address, and greatly oblige.

The needle will be deflected to the left of the entering current. If on the other hand the conductor be placed below the needle, the deflection will be in the opposite direction, that is the right of the entering current. In both cases the observer is supposed to be looking at the needle with the north pole toward himself. It will be evident that the zinc is positive to the copper strip in the tumbler, while from the outside the copper is positive to the zinc.

A property of current electricity which is the fundamental basis of all usefulness of electricity is that of conferring upon iron and steel the power of attracting other bodies, or of rendering iron magnetic. If a soft iron rod say

4 inches long and one half inch in diameter be wound evenly from end to end with three or four layers of cotton covered wire say No. 20 gauge and placed near a few iron nails, no attractive power will be noticed. If however the two finer ends of the wire be connected to the poles of a simple battery just described it will be found that the iron has become magnetic and will attract tacks, needles, nails, etc., and if the battery is sufficiently strong will sustain several ounces of weight, so long as the connection is maintained with the battery. The soft iron is a magnet so long as the current flows around it. If the connections be broken the iron loses its magnetic power and the nails

**Cash for REAL ESTATE**  
no matter where it is. Send description and cash price and get truly wonderful successful plan. **W. M. OSTRANDER**, North American Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

**FREE** Send name and address, we will mail you 12 cold plate enameled Butterfly Pins, sell them for 10 cents each; send us the money and we will send you this beautiful solid gold laid ring with Turquoise center surrounded by Brilliants. Free. Address: **F. O. WEHOSKEY**, Providence, R.I.

**FLEMING'S LUMP JAW CURE**  
Easily and thoroughly cured. New, common-sense method, not expensive. No cure, no pay. **FREE**. A practical, illustrated treatise on the absolute cure of Lump Jaw, free if you ask for Pamphlet No. 305. Fleming Bros., Chemists, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill. Trade Mark.

**Big Money**

Made or saved. Print your own cards, etc., with a \$5 Press. Larger size for circulars, books, newspapers, \$18. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for samples, catalogue of presses, type, paper, etc., to factory. The Press Co., Berlin, Conn.

**916 CARDS**  
NEW Sample Styles ENVELOPES, 50 New Songs, 100 Rich and Easy to Remember, 100 New Cards, 100 New and 1 Acquisitio Cards, Standard, Best, Cashier, etc. All for 9 Cents. **CROW'S CARD CO.**, 22, Columbus, Ohio.

**Spanish** Needles, Rods, Goldometers for locating Gold, Silver and hidden treasures. Our instruments are the best. Catalogue 2 cents. **B. G. Stauffer**, Dept. C, Harrisburg, Pa.

**SALESMEN** Wanted to travel for old-established firm. Salary, \$50 a mo. & expenses. No previous experience needed. **W. B. HOUSE**, 1020 Race St., Phila., Pa.

**IF SICK** Our New Electric Method Will Cure You At Home. Book from U.S. Electric Co., 215 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## THE VOICE OF MINNIE MORANG.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

Minnie Morang just yummed that she If spunk could fetch it, was bound to be An op'ry singer of high renown And bring some credit to our old town. And at it she hammered good and stout, She squealed and bawled like all git-out; She said that the big guns all agreed 'Twas about like workin' a horse for speed, —This trainin' a voice to make it stout, And so she practiced like all "git out," For she tooted it up, hurroo, hooray! She squealed and squalled blame nigh all day. She claimed that she done it to fill her tones, But 'cordin' to notions of old Bill Jones It wasn't a voice that ye'd want to fill; "I sh'd have the darned thing pulled," said Bill. But, ginger of Goshen, Min Morang Jest minded nothin' but sang and sang. She never attempted to sing a tune But morn and ev'nin', night or noon, She practiced her scale and run and trill With squeals like the rip-saw in Hobson's mill.

So time slipped on till her Uncle Sile Invited her up to the farm for a while. For her mother had writ she was gittin' thin And she reckined the farm would be good for Min. But she failed to mention—and here's the harm— That the voice Min had wa'n't good for the farm. Fast night she was there, right after tea Sile went to bed. "Beat out," said he. 'Twas a blame sick night in the month of June, Warmish and lit by a lovely moon, And Minnie concluded that voice of her'n Needed some air; so she took a turn Around the garden beneath the stars And squalled her scales and notes and bars.

She'd jest got started in fast-rate style When up to the window piled Uncle Sile. "Great Cephas," says he, "what's that 'ere touse? Is there murder or fire around this house? Then he listened a while to the sharps and flats And says he, "Gol jingo! Jest hear them cats! I've heerd whole cartloads of tomtoms squall But I reckon them critters jest beat 'em all. Consarn their ha'slets—sha'n't sleep a mite, For I reckon they've started an all-night fight." Then he grabbed his boot which has got a shank A foot across it—sole thick's a plank— And he fired it straight as a ten-inch bumb Where the squalls were thickest.—It knocked her dumb!

It kinked her neck in some tom-dinged way And 'twill never unkink, so the doctor say. Wal, of course they lighted on Uncle Sile For a-doin' her up in that 'ere style. Sile said right off 'twas a thund'rin' sin And he wouldn't have a-lung if he'd knowed 'twas Min. But says he, "Don't jaw, for I won't stand that, Ye ought to have warned me that Min plays cat. It's really a wonder to me," said he. "That she wa'n't shot dead for a lousiee. There ha'n't no call for your gettin' mad. For the case could have been jest twice as bad. Ye'd better be thankful I slung that boot. For my first idee was to up and shoot. Men allus is lookin' fur wives that's dumb, But they don't marry angels from Kingdom Come." And then old Sile jest shoved right in A bill for improvements performed on Min.

etc. drop off at once.

Any piece of soft iron of whatever shape if covered with a layer of insulated wire is called an electric magnet. If instead of using a soft bar of iron, we had substituted a steel bar, we would have found that the steel retained its magnetism after the current or connection had been broken and the attractive power still remains, although considerably weaker than when the current was flowing around it.

A piece of iron covered like Fig. 3 constitutes a horseshoe magnet and a straight piece as in the same cut is called a bar magnet. These must be of hardened steel and treated as just described after which they will retain their magnetism for a long time. If we sprinkle iron filings on a bar or horseshoe magnet we will find the particles arrange themselves in definite positions along the lines of force. The space affected by or acted upon is called the field of influence. It is found that if a body be moved before the poles of a magnet in such a direction as to cut the lines of forces electricity is developed. The ordinary telephone bell is an example. This consists of a compound horseshoe magnet in front of which is caused to rotate by means of appropriate gearing or wheel and band an iron bobbin or bobbins coiled with insulated wires. The ends are brought out and fastened to insulated parts on the spindle, and revolve with it. Two springs a. a. press against the spindle as in Fig. 4 and pick up the current generated in the bobbin. If we use an electro magnet described, we make a Dynamo, which will be described in our next chapters. Continued in May COMFORT.

FIGURE 3.

FIGURE 4.

FIGURE 5.

**HOME WORK** \$12 weekly guaranteed. Send stamp for instructions, etc. 20th Century Co., Toledo, O.

**WANTED** AGENTS in every county to sell "Family Memorials;" good profits and steady work. Address: **CAMPBELL & CO.**, 10 Plum St., Elgin, Ill.

**GIVEN AWAY** Do you want a watch that runs and keeps good time? Our watch has a Gold laid case, handsome dial, best proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished. This is a remarkable watch. We guarantee it, and with proper care it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. It has the appearance of a Solid Gold one. The movement is an American style, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it that when you own one of these truly handsome watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. Just the watch for railroad men, or those who need a very close timer. Do you want a watch of this character? If so, now is your opportunity to secure it. We give a beautiful Watch as a premium to anyone for selling 15 pieces of our handsome jewelry for 10c. each. Simply send your name and address and we will send you the 15 pieces of jewelry postpaid. When sold, send us the \$1.00, and we will send you the handsome Gold laid watch. We trust you will take back all you cannot sell. We propose to give away these watches simply to advertise our business. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You require no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Address: **SAFE DEPOSIT WATCH CO.**, New York City









COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER

For the enlightenment and benefit of its subscribers, COMFORT has inaugurated this department under the title of COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER, wherein will be carefully and correctly solved any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Law suits can frequently be avoided by timely and judicious advice concerning matters in dispute; this, however, is only done by one who is fully conversant with his or her legal rights and privileges. This department will also be of great value and interest from an educational standpoint, as in it will be answered any proper legal question that may be propounded.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce.

Any yearly subscriber to COMFORT fully paid in advance is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

**P. O. G.**—Under the so-called "Stock Law," the owner of animals which are prohibited from running at large is conclusively negligent if they so run at large, and he is liable for their trespass on premises which are sufficiently fenced to turn away animals which are permitted to run at large.

**Farmer.**—A highway may be shown to be a public road by evidence of long-continued use, assignment of hands to work it, by the proper authorities, and other facts tending to show its occupation by the public. A road recognized and used by the public for some twenty-five years would undoubtedly be held to be a public road. Acquiescence in such continued use amounts to implied consent by the owner.

**Wash.**—Between the separate states, the thread of a boundary river is the line of separation without reference to the line of navigation. By the term "thread of a stream" is meant the line midway between the banks at the ordinary stage of water, without regard to the channel, or the lowest and deepest part of the stream.

**Kansas.**—An insurance policy providing that the company shall not be liable for damages occasioned by hail, but only for such loss as results directly from tornadoes or windstorms, does not cover a loss for the breaking of windows and other damage by hail caused by a high wind driving the hail against them.

**P. J. L.**—A note dated on a week day but signed on Sunday is void, as between the parties to it, but is valid if in the hands of a third party who has had no notice of the actual time of signing. If the note is signed on Sunday but delivered on some other day which is a secular day, it is valid.

**K. H. G.**—By the term "a reasonable doubt" is meant such a doubt as when interposed in the graver transactions of life would cause a reasonable man to hesitate and pause. In other words, if you are not "dead sure" (to use an ordinary expression), you have a reasonable doubt. A P. D.—An oculist or surgeon who treats a patient must exercise the ordinary care and skill usually employed by oculists and surgeons in good standing, and he is liable for gross mistakes which he may make, in any action for damages on the part of the injured party.

**G. N. L.**—Where a brakeman is injured by disobedience of orders in riding outside with the last section of a long train, and would not have been injured if he had taken his proper position, and had remained on the rear of the last car instead of the footboard, he cannot recover damages.

**T. O. E.**—No one can be required to attend court as a witness in a law suit unless summoned to appear by a competent authority and served with a writ for such purpose. In a civil action it is necessary to pay a witness fee to compel attendance but this is not so in criminal cases. Failure to attend after proper legal notice may subject the offender to possible imprisonment for contempt of court.

**Johnson.**—A claim for a legacy never outlaws. Such a case is looked upon as a trust fund and the so-called statute of limitations does not apply to it. You can bring suit to recover such a legacy at any time and from any one who illegally withholds it from you.

Mary.—A wife may sell and convey any personal property which she may own, without her husband's consent. If she should die, without children, the husband will be entitled to one-half of the estate which she may leave; in case she leaves children, the husband will inherit only one-third in the absence of a will. This is so under the laws of the state where you live.

**P. T. L.**—In case a parent becomes naturalized before his son is of age, the son need not take out naturalization papers himself. The fact that the father is a citizen at the time the son becomes of age of itself makes the son a citizen on reaching his majority.

**Heir.**—If the heirs to an estate cannot agree on the compensation to be paid to an administrator of such estate the compensation is fixed by the Court. In determining the amount the Court is governed by the statutory law of the state where the estate is being administered. These amounts vary in different places, but, as a rule, are a certain percentage of the amount or value of the property in question.

### To All Comfort Juveniles, Greeting.

#### PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!!

COMFORT believes that among its thousands of juvenile readers are many who have the gift of writing, and in order to develop this talent, not only for COMFORT's benefit but for the benefit of all COMFORT subscribers not over twenty-one years of age, possessing the gift, we propose a plan herewith in which all who will may take a hand and receive a share if his merit is equal to it.

The subject for the Prize Essay for March was "George Washington", the first President of the United States. As there has not been time enough to hear from the juveniles on that subject, essays will not appear till next month, but in the mean time another subject will be given. This time it will be Theodore Roosevelt, not the last President of the United States but the latest President. All of the juveniles know something about this, the youngest of Presidents, and COMFORT wants the best essays they can write about him in from one hundred to two hundred words. That is, an essay may not be less than one hundred nor more than two hundred words in length, and each essay is to be the best the writer can produce of his own writing. The merit of the essay will depend and be judged upon its originality, its correct English, its correct spelling, its correct punctuation, its correct capitalization and its clearness of language and proper presentation of the subject. Each of these points will count so many, so that in this way the youngest and least experienced writer may have an equal chance with the older writers, who are not so painstaking as their younger competitors. Boys and girls are to be considered equally.

In order to make it an inducement for our juveniles to enter the contest a prize of \$2 will be offered for the best essay; \$1 for the second best; 50 cents for the third, and a yearly subscription to COMFORT for the fourth. As there are COMFORT readers in every state and territory in the Union and in British America, the writers from each state, territory and country will constitute a class and the writers in those classes will only have their own class to contend against. This will make a wide distribution of prizes and enable writers everywhere to share in the benefits. The only conditions are that you shall be a full paid-in-advance subscriber.

**BOTANIC BLOOD BALM FREE!**  
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases, Itching Humors, Eczema, Cancer, Eating Sores, Blood Poison, Carbuncles, etc.

Send no money—simply write and try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. A personal trial of Blood Balm is better than a thousand printed testimonials, so don't hesitate to write for a free sample.

If you suffer from ulcers, eczema, scrofula, Blood Poison, cancer, eating sores, itching skin, pimples, old sores that won't heal, scabs and scaly skin, carbuncles, boils, bone pains, swellings, rheumatism, catarrh, or any blood or skin disease, we advise you to take Botanic Blood Balm. Especially recommended for old, obstinate, deep-seated cases of malignant blood or skin diseases, because Botanic Blood Balm kills the poison in the blood, cures where all else fails, heals every sore, makes the blood pure and rich, gives the skin the rich glow of health. Botanic Blood Balm, pronounced by the medical investigator the most perfect blood purifier made. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Costs \$1 per large bottle by express, prepaid.

To prove it cures, sample of Blood Balm sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., 24 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. This is an honest offer—medicine sent at once, prepaid.

## "YES, FATHER IS DEAD!"



It was his HEART, you know, it had been troubling him for a year. "How often we hear this story of neglected heart disease! It is increasing! 60 hearts in every hundred are wrong! Yet people won't seem to admit that it really is their heart but go on doctoring for something else when by the well known signs of Nervousness, fluttering, palpitation, skipping beats, choking, nightmare, indigestion, pain in heart and side and many others, the poor heart is saying, 'I am sick. Help me! Help me!' And how strange that they don't send help when it means life or death to them and when the heart can surely be made right again. Not one case in 500 is incurable. How is your heart? You can tell better perhaps than a doctor, for you know your symptoms better than you can tell him. If you have one of them, or the least suspicion that your heart is wrong, don't wait! Find out! Even if you know that you have a settled heart disease which nothing has helped, don't give up! There is help!

Send NOW for FULL FREE BOX of Dr. Fuller's Heart & Nerve Tablets, and book by our special heart physician, and get well! Both are free. This is not a box of a few tablets but enough for a good fair treatment, and to prove that they will give you back a good sound heart and nerves. This box cures many cases. The only remedy in the world which cures, not by affecting the heart alone, but also by restoring the delicate NERVES which control it. There is no other way to cure heart disease, and no other remedy takes this way. If we didn't know what the tablets will do, how foolish for us to make this offer. Isn't it worth trying, anyway?

A. C. Howland, M. D., one of New York's most noted physicians, says, "I have never known your tablets to fail in a single case." Write your full name and address plainly. THE HEART CURE CO., 77 MASONIC BUILDING, HALLOWELL, MAINE.

scriber.

The winning essays, only, will be printed and announcements of winners will be made in the newspapers nearest the postoffices at which winners receive their COMFORTS, and prizes will be deposited with the postmasters at those offices.

These essays are to be in prose, but if any writer thinks he or she can present the subject better in poetry, he or she may do so, provided the poem is not over a dozen lines in length.

Address all communications, and enclose money for your subscription if it has expired, or if you are a new reader, to Essay Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Take Notice: New subjects will be presented each month, and all essays must be sent in before the twenty-fifth of the month. Otherwise they will not be considered.

The conditions are very simple and easy, and no boy or girl should be afraid to put his or her pen to paper. Remember you may earn a dollar or two dollars very easily.

**\$8 Paid** Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 5c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Cohasset, N.Y.

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**10,000** Are Very Anxious to GET MARRIED with pictures and addresses FREE. The PILOT, 255 Southside Ave., Chicago, Dept. 6.

**A HANDSOME MUSTACHE** or fine beard grows on the smoothest face or hair on bald heads in 3 weeks by our TURKISH HAIR GROWER or money refunded. Moustache and beard hair, cure dandruff, thicken the eyebrows. The original & only hairline article of the kind. \$1 treatment for \$5. \$2 for \$10. Avoid imitations. THE TURKISH HAIR GROWER CO., Boston, Mass.



### A Beautiful Gold Watch Absolutely Free!

Those who can do a little work for us, introducing our celebrated remedy, Laxative, the reliable cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Nervousness and Bad Blood, will be presented absolutely free with a beautiful 14 K. Gold Filled, fully guaranteed American movement watch, ladies' or gent's size, hunting case or open face, as desired. This is a bona fide offer for doing a little hustling among your friends in your lei ure hours, and is a great chance for any boy or girl, man or woman, who is not lazy and wants a beautiful watch that is a perfect time-keeper. Simply send us your name and address (don't send any money) and we will send you, prepaid, eight packages of Laxative to sell at 25 cents each. When you have sold them, send us the \$2.00 and we will send you, the same day money is received, fully guaranteed American movement watch, warrant perfect time-keeper, and a watch you may well be proud of. We know you will show it to your friends, who will very likely ask you how you got it, and probably you will tell them. The result is that our Laxative is advertised and made known everywhere, and as that is what we are most desirous of, we are willing to lose a little in giving away these beautiful watches, because in the end we will make Laxative known to everyone in the land. We trust you with the Laxative until you sell the eight packages, and take back whatever you are unable to sell. If you want the beautiful watch, write to us to day. Do not wait for we cannot afford to hold this generous offer open for any great length of time. We are strictly reliable in every way and, as we told you before, we are only desirous of making Laxative known to all suffers from Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervousness and other similar ailments. THE LAXATIVE COMPANY, 57 Valentine Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

## WILL YOU JOIN THE MOTHER WRAY ENDLESS CHAIN CLUB?

### You Can Only Have One Mother.

"Remember, girl, where'er you roam,  
With sister, brother, lover,  
Your haven will be always 'Home,'—  
You can only have one mother."  
—Louise Payne Wray.

The beautiful and pathetic song of five stanzas with chorus and music (from which the above is a brief extract) appeared in full in the March number of "Comfort." It created a profound sensation. We know of no song since "Home Sweet Home" first appeared which has touched such a sympathetic chord in the human heart.

The public is always interested to know the great authors of the day.

May we introduce all those of our readers who did not secure the February and March COMFORTS, to the wonderful old lady who wrote this song and music?

She is Mrs. Louise Payne Wray, of Averill Park, N. Y. She was born in England, 77 years ago, and as mother, grandmother and great-grandmother is blessed with a numerous

progeny. Is it not truly wonderful that at an age which is usually the decline of life she should have written a song and composed the music which have attained such popularity, even eliciting letters of thanks from Mrs. McKinley, King Edward, the Emperor of Germany, Bishop Potter, and from many other illustrious personages who had received copies of her now famous song?

Though she emigrated to America and has resided here since her early youth, her heart fondly clings to the scenes of her childhood, forever associated with the tender memories of her dear mother, and it is the one great desire of her life to revisit the land of her birth before she shall be called to another world.

To assist her in raising the funds necessary for this purpose at the suggestion of her friends, it has been arranged with her consent and through the co-operation of

her publisher, Mr. Saalfeld, and the publisher of "Comfort" that she is to have

#### REVISIT THE LAND OF HER BIRTH.

#### A MAMMOTH ENDLESS CHAIN MOTHER WRAY CLUB.

a royalty on all six months' subscriptions to "Comfort" which are sent in on these blanks here printed in blocks of four.

Would you not like a copy of this song, if you have not already had one (words and music), and this interesting family paper, "COMFORT," beautifully illustrated in colors and so full of nice things, for six months, all for the reduced price of 10 cts., and at the same time assist in promoting this masterly effort in favor of Mrs. Wray? If so, send 10 cts. to Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, with this blank properly filled out and you will receive "COMFORT" for six months beginning with the February number containing sketch of Mrs. Wray's life and including March number containing the song and music, and she will receive the royalty.

If you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber to "COMFORT" will you not extend your subscription for six months now by joining this Mother Wray Club? If so write the word extend on Coupon No. 1, and send in 10 cts. with your full address, also erase "beginning with February."

In order to obtain quick results and make

this amount to something to her, her friends have started an endless chain of correspondence, of which you are invited to become one link; and if you are willing to do so, please:—

1. Fill out No. 1. blank and mail it with 10 cts. to Publisher of "Comfort", Augusta, Maine.

2. Send by mail or hand the coupons here attached one each to your friends with a request that they will fill it out and send in their 10 cents the same as you have to help in the good work. Be sure to write your name and address on the back or margin of each of the coupons which you send to your friends, so that we shall know who got the subscriptions for the Mrs. Wray Club.

3. If as many as three friends you send blanks to subscribe, we will send you as a reward a stick pin set with a beautiful Egyptian style Opaline lucky stone for your trouble. These talismans are now quite popular and great tokens of good luck.

We hope that you will lend a helping hand, and that you will urge the three friends to whom you send the coupons to fill them out and send their 10 cents in order that the chain may continue unbroken.

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Please enter my name as a subscriber to COMFORT.  
I enclose 10c. to pay for six months, beginning with  
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Club so Mrs. Wray will receive royalty.

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County \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

No. 4.

NOTICE. You fill out No. 1 Coupon and get friends to use the other three. Mark out February if you want subscription to begin any other month and say what month you want to start.

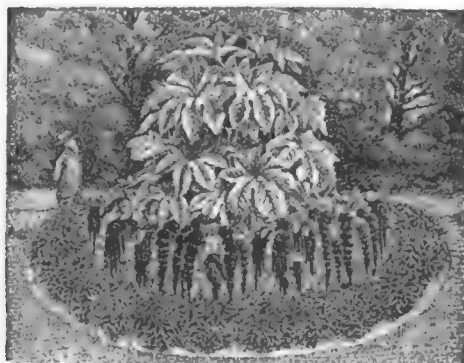




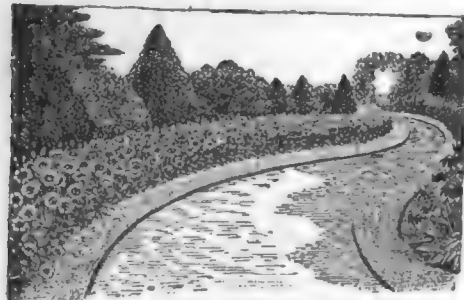
WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

THOSE who live in the country often envy the city dwellers their pretty gardens, and they do this without stopping to ask themselves the question why they should envy them. Most of them notice a general effect and do not take the trouble to examine it closely enough to find out how it was brought about. Were they to do so, in many instances they would find that the effects they so much admire are secured by simple means, and that they could very easily have quite as attractive beds or groups of plants in the home garden, if they cared to make the effort. Now I believe that people living in the country ought to have prettier gardens than the city people, because it is much easier for them to do so, and they ought not to be willing to give their city cousins the monopoly of garden attractions. If they set about it with a will, they can speedily make "the other party" the envious one.

And that beds of plants having attractive foliage are greatly admired, but that most country persons are under the impression that they cost more money than they can afford to put into them. This is a mistake. Some very pretty beds are made with very little expense. Here is one: Plant three or four seeds of Ricinus in the center of a circular bed about eight feet across. These plants grow to be six or eight feet tall, and have immense leaves of green and coppery bronze, and are very suggestive of tropical climes by their luxuriant development. About these, plant a row of Amaranthus. This is a plant having dark red foliage, shaded more or less with green and bronze. In August, it bears profuse crops of flowers in long, pendant spikes, generally a rich Indian red in



color. There are several varieties of this plant, and by buying seed in which each variety is by itself, one may have a tall-growing sort next the Ricinus, with lower-growing kinds near the edge of the bed. As an edging, use the annual Euphorbia, with green and white foliage. This will afford a most decided contrast in color with the Amaranthus, and bring out the dark, rich tones of red in the latter with fine effect. It also serves to separate the strong colors which characterize the Amaranthus and Ricinus from the green of the lawn upon which this bed should be located, to make it most effective. A bed of this kind will attract attention from persons who would hardly notice a flower because of its being something out of the ordinary, and it will be sure to afford its owner a great deal of pleasure. The cost of it? The Ricinus seed can be bought at five cents a packet, and each packet will have seeds enough for several such beds in it. The Amaranthus seed will cost the same. So will the Euphorbia. That brings the cost up to fifteen cents, unless you use more than one variety of Amaranthus, in which case each additional variety used will add five cents to the bill. You see, from this estimate, that the entire cost of such a bed is slight. And as to the care required, any one can give it who can grow a Petunia or a Poppy. Study the catalogues, and you will find many plants in them which can be combined charmingly in beds and groups where foliage is depended on to produce ornamental effects. Do not be afraid to experiment. Don't be satisfied to copy, but originate. Aim to have something a little "different from other folks." One of the greatest pleasures of gardening consists in making your own plans, and seeing what you can do along original lines. If there are evergreens in the yard, group the Amaranthus where it will have them as a background, and you will be delighted with the way in which the colors of the latter stand out against the dark green of their foliage. Yellow flowering plants, like the Coreopsis, or Rudbeckia fulgida, are extremely ornamental against such a background. The Euphorbia advised as edging for the bed described, is excellent when used about



scarlet Geraniums, its green and white foliage heightening the vivid effect of the flowers, as only such colors can. Those who look into the matter will soon discover that we have a good deal of material available at slight cost, with which to produce effects quite as pleasing as those seen in many gardens belonging to wealthy people. Pleasing effects do not depend so much on cost as we suppose. It is the way in which we use simple material that tells most effectively.

No garden can afford to be without a bed of the new Petunias. Such beautiful things as they are, ruffled, and rayed with strongly contrasted colors, or veined and laced with them, in a network of lines that seem to stand out against petals of the richest velvet. And so large that you hardly recognize them, at first, as belonging to the Petunia family. No annual excels them in profusion of bloom, and if you go over the bed in August, and cut away at least half of each plant, new branches will soon be sent up in which flowers as large and fine as those produced during the early part of the season will be borne until the coming of cold weather.

Every garden ought to have a bed of Gladioluses. To the outdoor garden these flowers are what the Geranium is to the garden in the window. No flower is easier to grow, and no flower requires so little attention at our hands. Give it a rich and mellow soil—preferably one containing considerable sand—plant it five inches deep, from the middle of the present month to the first of June, in order to secure a succession of bloom, and keep the weeds down about it, and it will ask no more at your hands. It has been a popular flower for the

last twenty years—though never grown as extensively as its merits would warrant—but the varieties of today are so far superior to the old varieties with which we are familiar that we are bewildered by them. Such rich and vivid colors, such delicate and dainty ones, such wonderful combinations of them, and such great stalks bending under their weight of bloom. No wonder we grow enthusiastically over them. Words fail us when we attempt to do them justice. The only way to find out how beautiful they are is to grow some of them. Grow a dozen this season, and I venture the prediction that next year you will invest most of your garden funds in them. It could not be invested to better advantage. Some of the florists who have been experimenting with this plant, told us that it was the "coming flower." Now that it has "got here," in all its splendor and prodigality of color, we have to admit that they had good ground on which to base their opinion. I predict that in a year or two the Gladiolus will divide the honors of the garden with the Sweet Pea.

## A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"COMFORT" has had numerous inquiries from readers from time to time as to the best stove polish that is manufactured and where it can be obtained. We take pleasure in informing our readers that Enameline (liquid or paste) is the very best polish on the market today. If one cannot obtain it at the grocery or drug store, write to J. L. Prescott & Co., New York City, and they will advise you where to get it. It costs only ten cents a box.

## \$10 DRESSES FOR ANY MAN

Complete from HEAD TO TOE in latest Style FREE SAMPLES and Measurement Blank.

TO INTRODUCE DIRECT TO THE WEARER OUR CUSTOM TAILORING we will make the first ten thousand suits absolutely to measure sent us for only \$10 and give the following complete outfit FREE. Actually \$28 value for only \$10 and nothing to pay till after you receive the suit and free outfit and find it just as represented. Send us your name and post office address, and we will send you FREE SAMPLES OF CLOTH, 5-foot tape line and measurement blank for size of Suit, Hat, Shirt and Shoes.

A GENUINE CHEVIOT Suit made to measure in the latest English Sack style, well made and durably trimmed, such a suit as some tailors charge \$40.00

A pair of stylish Lace Shoes, the new queen last 2.50

A pair of stylish Neckties, the new queen last 1.25

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Thousands of American citizens pay daily for this... \$28.00

DON'T DELAY—After having filed 10,000 orders our prices for these suits will be \$20 and NO FREE ARTICLES.

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Reference: Metropolitan Nat'l Bank, Chicago; Cap. \$1,000,000.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

CURES AILMENTS OF WOMEN

Female Weakness, Inflammations, Internal Pains, Lassitude, Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion, Melancholy, Lung Diseases.

TRIAL FREE

It brings health, comfort, attractiveness. Wholly external. Worn with or without corsets. Simple, comfortable, adjustable to fit any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother. We receive from 10,000 to 20,000 letters every year like the following:

Rushville, Ill., June 2, 1901.

I had been ailing for fifteen years from backache, headache, constipation and prolapsus. I had been treated by some of the best specialists in the country without avail. Your brace cured me. The organs have gone back to proper position and remain there.

Free trial for 30 days. Particulars and illustrated book, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Write today to

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ICUREFITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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FREE

Booklet, map, prospectus, etc., of "The Black Tiger Copper Co." showing how \$5.00 may within a short time grow into \$450.00. Best chance on mining stock ever offered. Full particulars sent FREE. Address The Federal Security Co., 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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To introduce our large catalogue illustrating and describing our complete line of devotional goods for Catholics, we will give a handsome religious medal absolutely free to each person sending two cents for postage.

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FREE! RAILROAD ANNUALS

For 1902. Every "Book Lover" in the U. S. should secure one of our beautifully engraved "Buell Hampton" Annuals. SENT FREE. Write today before supply is exhausted. Address: FORBES & CO., Publishers, P. O. Box 1475, Boston, Mass.

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If you have heart disease you are in grave danger.

You may die any minute—anywhere. Heart troubles, dangerous as they are, can be instantly recognized by all. No doctor can tell better than you if your heart is out of order. If you have any of the following symptoms, don't waste any time. Get my Heart Tablets at once.

Fluttering, palpitation, or skipping beats (always due to weak or diseased heart); shortness of breath from going upstairs, walking, etc.; tenderness, numbness or pain in left side, arm or under shoulder blade; fainting spells, dizziness, hungry or weak spells; spots before the eyes; sudden starting in sleep, dreaming, nightmare;

## Heart Disease

choking sensation in throat; oppressed feeling in chest; cold hands and feet; painful to lie on left side; dropsy; swelling of the feet or ankles (one of the surest signs); neuralgia around the heart; sudden deaths rarely result from other causes.

They will restore you to health and strength as they have hundreds of other men and women.

FREE To prove how absolutely I believe in them, to prove that they will do exactly what I say, I will send a box free to any name and address sent me. One trial will do more to convince you than any amount of talk. It will cost you nothing, and may save your life. Send for a trial box and enclose stamp for postage.

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1427 Blk Fringe Cards, Love, Transparent, Etc. & Acquaintance Cards, New Puzzles, New Games, Premium Articles, etc. Free Sample Book of Visiting & Hidden Name Cards, Digest Catalogue. Send 2c. stamp for all. OHIO CARD CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

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\$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle. \$12.75 for the celebrated 1902 High King or High Queen Bicycle. \$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 Bicycle made, our three crown nickel joint, Nappoleon or Josephine, complete with the very finest equipment, including Morgan & Wright highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular \$50.00 bicycle.

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WATCH, together with a chain and charm, also a beautiful Venezuelan Diamond Ring, perfect in cut and lustre for selling our remedy. Our watches are elegantly engraved, equal in appearance to a \$25 watch and guaranteed for years. Our 30-day proposition which is apart from the above. Send name and address (no money), we send you 4 boxes of Dr. Thompson's Cough Tablets, sell them at 25c. per box, send us the \$1 received and we will send you a handsome Watch-Chain and Charm, also a beautiful Gold Plated Venezuelan Diamond Ring. The greatest offer ever made for selling only \$1 worth of goods. CHESTER REMEDY CO., Dept. 15 Newark, N.J.

WE PAY CASH for Newspaper Clippings, Names and Addresses. Almost every item in a newspaper has a cash value. Names and Addresses are also valuable. Write at once, with stamp, for particulars. The E. M. Smith Co., 114 E. 23rd St., New York.

COSTS YOU NOTHING YOU CAN GET FREE

THE PARROT HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CAGE—TRY TO FIND HIM Boys and girls over twelve years of age who will cut out this picture and mark plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if they can find it) MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN FIVE MONTHLY PREMIUMS for doing a little work for us. This is a contest where both brains and energy count. We are determined to make the name of our charming monthly magazine a household word, and we take this novel plan of advertising. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the most entertaining New York magazines into every home of the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. After you have found the missing parrot, send it to us at once. It may take an entire evening, but it will pay you to STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A sample copy of our MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Try to solve this puzzle. Do not delay. Send your answer immediately. We positively guarantee that this Missing Parrot can be found. Of course, like all problems, it will require some thought, patience and time. But the reward is well worth striving for, especially when we do not ask you to send us any money with your answer. The golden prizes of life are being gained by brains and energy nowadays. Lazy people and the drones and idlers are always complaining of bad luck. Now here is a GOLDEN CHANCE for anyone who will strive hard, and the pleasing part of it is that it does not cost you one cent outside of the letter you send us. Our magazine will please you. It delights us to please our readers. We are continually giving away large sums of money in different contests, as we find it is the very best kind of advertising. Try and Win. If you find the parrot and send the slip with it marked thereon to us at once, we know just what you will get the gold? Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a puzzle like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write you and you will hear from us by return mail. We hope you will try for it, as we shall give the \$1,000.00 away anyway. Do not delay. Write at once. Address THE ROBINSON PUB. CO., 32 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.

ENTRANCINGLY, FRAGRANT CINNAMON VINES. Grows in Shade or Sun—Wet or Dry. No Insects Ever Trouble—No Winter Harms. Once Planted Will Grow a Lifetime. Beautiful Leaves, Dainty Flowers, Exquisite Perfume.

The Cinnamon Vine—from the Oriental land, is one of the most charming of climbers, and will quickly surround your arbor, window or veranda with a wonderful profusion of vines covered with handsome, glossy, heart-shaped leaves and sweet-scented flowers, making it a perfect bower of beauty. PERFECTLY HARDY—thriving everywhere, and once planted will grow for many years, and be a source of constant delight to the possessor. The vines often run 25 to 40 feet, and when trained over and about a window or veranda is universally admired, while its many clusters of delicate, unique white flowers, send out an amount of delicious fragrance that is as truly wonderful as it is indescribable.

NO PERSON of refinement and taste should fail to plant these lovely vines. No home is complete without them. They stand the hardest winter without injury, and burst forth in all their marvelous splendor very early in the spring—as fine a climber as any lover of beautiful flowers can wish. (Plant any time up to June 15.)

CINNAMON VINES may also be grown indoors in winter, and make one of the most attractive of window climbers.

Make Home Beautiful. There is nothing will give a cosy appearance, or is a surer index of refinement and culture than these ornamental, fragrant vines twining and climbing about the porch, windows and trellises. They are God's own natural drapery, from the Oriental land where graceful beauty is most highly prized.

Lydia and M. J. Clarkson, Authors of "Art Studies" writes:—No vine ever gave us so much continued pleasure. The growth is truly phenomenal. Its handsome foliage and fragrant blossoms commend it to every lover of flowers. If its merits were more widely known you would be overwhelmed with orders.

S. Wilson, Pa., writes:—The Cinnamon Vine blooms as freely in the house as out doors, and will fill a room with a delightful fragrance in the cold and dreary winter months.

Mrs. F. Allen, Mystic, Ct., says:—The Vine is beautiful and so fragrant it perfumes the whole house.

We will send three select bulbs of this popular Cinnamon Vine, postpaid, to any one securing and sending to us only one new six months' 10c. trial subscription to "COMFORT" or to any one securing one new 25c. yearly subscription we will send six bulbs free, postpaid, for your trouble. Get a club of two 25c. yearly subscribers and we will send six bulbs for your reward. You cannot get too many of these beautiful Vines and don't fail to send the club today and tell your friends about the improvements in "COMFORT."

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE CLUB OFFER.

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## GUN CLUBS.

## Practical Rifle Practice and How to Get It.



HERE was never a time when the people of the world were so much interested in rifle shooting as they are today. On the continent of Europe rifle clubs are adding large numbers to their membership every year, while throughout Great Britain rifle clubs are springing up everywhere. The same wave has crossed the Atlantic and in the United States today, on a thousand ranges, young men—yes, and young women, too—are perfecting themselves in the art of shooting.

The American people have ever been known as a nation of sharpshooters. The grim look that our ancestors took down the barrels of their flintlocks in the days of the Revolution, left an impress which years have not worn away. And, again, those awful years of Civil War, when brother aimed at brother and North and South eyed each other across bristling bayonets, taught Americans the value of knowing how to handle a rifle.

In the long peace that followed the Civil War interest in rifle shooting died out and little was heard of target work. Men had but too lately been using powder and ball in earnest. Since then, however, and especially of late, rifle shooting has been forging to the fore and today there is no more popular pastime than target shooting.

The "cheese-box on a raft," as they derisively styled the little Monitor when she went forth to battle with the Merrimac, settled for all time the question of wooden ships. Commenting on that memorable engagement, the London Times said: "Whereas, Great Britain had available for immediate service 149 first-class warships, she has now but two, the Warrior and her sister ship the Ironsides."

In precisely the same way the battle of Sadowa—when the Prussian armies drove the Austrians from their chosen position and began a rout which did not stop till the Prussian standard was planted within sight of the Austrian capital—settled the fate of the old-time musket. That battle was the first real test of the Prussian "needle gun" which was the father of all the guns that today arm the soldiers of Europe and America.



PRONE.

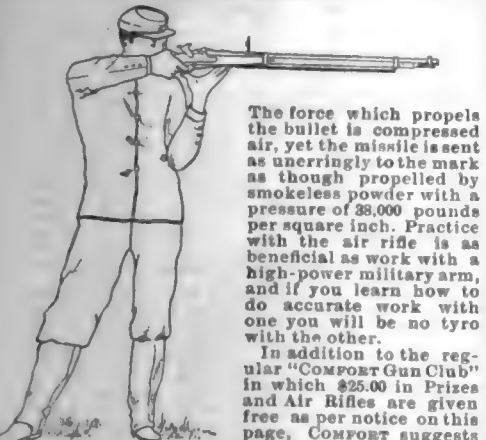
The fighting today is long range work. No longer do the armies clash together, musket to musket, bayonet crossing bayonet. The range and penetration of the modern rifle is too great, for before an army could get within bayonet reach the magazine guns of the opposing force would mow them to the earth.

The United States troops learned this in Cuba. They found out what the "Krag" would do. Soon after the Cuban campaign was ended, a body of troops were sent into the Northwest to quell an Indian uprising. The Indians adopted their old tactics of shooting from behind trees. But the soldiers simply smiled and took aim at the trees. The result surprised Mr. Indian. The bullet went un- concernedly through the tree and drilled Mr. Red-skin on the other side.

The wonderful carrying power of the rifle of today has made marksmanship of prime importance. The modern soldier must be able to meet his opponent with a well-aimed bullet when he is yet a long way off. If he doesn't, his opponent will drop him. This condition has been met in the armies by more liberal allowances of ammunition for target practice. It is making the soldier a sharpshooter and reckoning his value to his country, largely upon his proficiency with the rifle.

Interest in rifle shooting, as has been said, has spread over Europe and America. Rifle clubs are flourishing everywhere. Some of them are favored with ranges which permit them to use the powerful military rifles. Others do their shooting indoors with small rifles and light charges but it matters not what the arm, so long as the interest is there. There is just as much sport with a small rifle as there is with a big one. The small one trains the eye and the hand and the muscles of the back and shoulder and makes it easy for the rifleman to do effective work with a heavy rifle should he be called upon. It isn't the distance the bullet travels nor how far it cuts its way into solid oak that makes the successful rifleman. It is the power to hold the piece on the bull's-eye and the eye to tell when to pull the trigger. These can be as well learned in the house as on the prairie.

Recognizing the great revival of interest in target shooting, and realizing how impossible it is for the average person to secure range facilities for work with a heavy rifle, Comfort has met the difficulty with a rifle which can be used in the house or stable as well as outdoors. It is a rifle which is perfectly safe and harmless makes no noise and costs little or nothing for ammunition.



STANDING OFFHAND.

The force which propels the bullet is compressed air, yet the missile is sent as unerringly to the mark as though propelled by smokeless powder with a pressure of 38,000 pounds per square inch. Practice with the air rifle is as beneficial as work with a high-power military arm, and if you learn how to do accurate work with one you will be no tyro with the other.

In addition to the regular "COMFORT Gun Club" in which \$25.00 in Prizes and Air Rifles are given free as per notice on this page, COMFORT suggests that clubs be formed among boys and girls of a neighborhood, competi-

tions to be held once a week or once a fortnight. When a club has developed a sufficient number of sharpshooters to make up a team of six or eight, matches may be arranged with some nearby club, each competitor to fire so many shots, the prize to be awarded to the team that makes the highest aggregate score. If there are no clubs within a distance which will make such meetings possible, matches may be shot by mail; that is, the club will arrange to shoot the match on a certain day. On that day



SITTING.

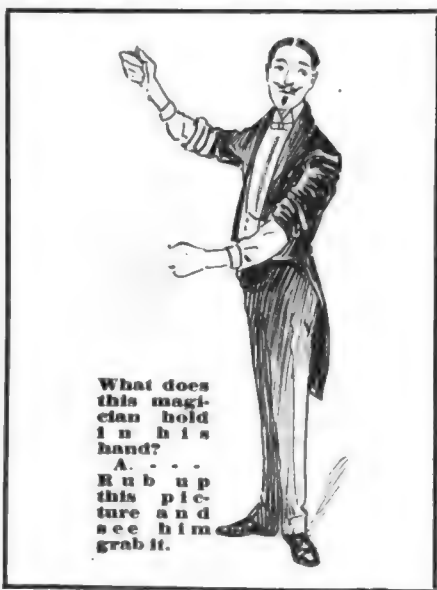
## "COMFORT'S" MAGIC CONUNDRUM PICTURES. PRIZES FOR ANSWERS.

"COMFORT" here prints several marvelous partly invisible conundrum pictures. The point is for you to first guess what each one represents and write down the answer to the question asked under each picture. Then you lay the paper on a smooth surface and take a lead pencil, or a common silver spoon, and carefully Rub Over the blank spaces and immediately the answer and balance of picture will appear to tell you if you have guessed correctly.

**PRIZES.** To all paid in advance subscribers who send the pictures to us after making their guess we will give prizes of Games, Books, Jewelry, etc., awarding them according to skill displayed and talent shown in making the best-looking pictures after above directions and



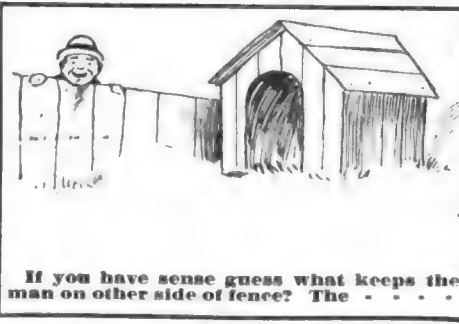
Try your best on this rub up.  
Fill in the lines to say who did  
at Santiago



What does  
this magi-  
cian hold  
in his  
hand?  
A. . . .  
Rub up  
this pic-  
ture and  
see him  
grab it.



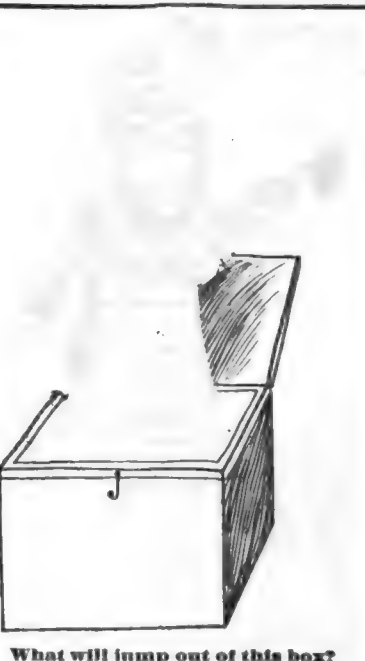
Develop this one and guess.  
With what will the young man be blest?



If you have sense guess what keeps the  
man on other side of fence? The . . . .



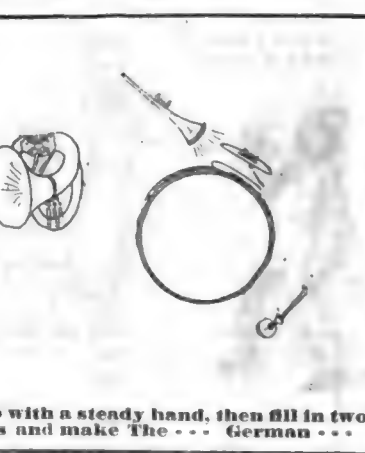
What to the  
clown will  
come when you  
rub up this  
one?  
A. . . .



What will jump out of this box?  
A. . . . .  
and it will still be a . . . in a box.



This is General  
Funston.  
Now who did  
he bag?



Rub with a steady hand, then fill in two  
words and make The . . . German . . .

coming the nearest in their answers to the questions asked under each picture. Every one who is a paid in advance subscriber will receive a prize of some kind who send in the pictures. It is only a question of the quality of your work in developing them and the number of correct answers given to questions.

We not only want to reward you for your trouble but desire to see what results can be obtained from this sort of work. Remember do not send any pictures to us on this Prize Offer unless you are paid in advance subscribers, as these contests are gotten up to please "COMFORT'S" large army of subscribers.

Be sure and renew your subscription if it has or is about to expire, as we have another entirely new feature in Magic Pictures to be published in the May issue.

Address all letters under this offer

COMFORT CONTENT 77, Augusta, Maine.

Every one receives a Prize under this offer as per above simple conditions.

each club assembles at its usual place of meeting and shoots the stipulated number of shots. At the conclusion of the shooting, each club will mail to its opponent a copy of the scores. Thus, the scores will cross on the way and neither side will know which has won till it receives the report from the other. It will add greatly to the interest if clubs are named after some of the famous generals of the army.

The illustrations accompanying this article show soldiers in the various positions adopted by the leading armies of the world. The same positions will apply in using the air rifle.

**\$25.00  
IN PRIZES  
AND  
AIR RIFLE FREE.**

Chance for Boys and  
Girls to join our Gun Club  
and learn to shoot cor-  
rectly.

\$5.00 for 1st Prize in the  
Sharpshooter Contest.

\$3.00 for 2nd Prize.

\$2.00 for 3rd Prize.

15 Prizes of \$1.00 each.

**Join Our Gun Club.**

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perior they are to all others we are going  
to offer Prizes to the best shots. We  
furnish Guns, Targets, etc., all  
FREE.

### JOIN OUR GUN CLUB.

If you want one of these Guns and de-  
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get our complete list of prizes and learn  
all about how men and women as well as  
boys and girls are taking up this Air  
Rifle practice. Hit the bull's-eye  
at once if you are interested in military  
or rifle practice in any form. It is desir-  
able for outdoor target practice or par-  
lor amusement or it can be used in any  
part of the house with perfect safety,  
making a practical and entertaining  
form of evening amusement for the boys  
and girls as well as older folks. There  
is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun,  
it is endorsed by army officers as the  
best mechanical rifle ever produced and  
the possession of one of our accurate  
shooting rifles makes a boy manly and  
affords him an excellent means of suc-  
cessfully competing with his chums for  
marksmanship's honors as well as teaching  
him the use of a rifle. Remember

this is a combination gun, so  
your boy should have one be he  
old or young. If he is sick in  
the house he can shoot darts  
and keep out of mischief or go  
into the woods for game and get  
robust and healthy besides.  
All that is required of you  
to join the "COMFORT" Gun  
Club is to secure and send us  
Thirteen trial six months'  
subscriptions to "COMFORT"  
at 10c. each. As soon as we  
receive them we forward you,  
all charges paid, one of  
these elegant King Fall steel  
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assortment of darts, shot, etc.  
together with full directions and  
instructions in rifle practice. So  
you will have a complete outfit  
and your way easily mapped out  
to go right ahead and try for a  
Prize. This is the chance of a  
lifetime for you not only to learn  
how to shoot correctly but enter  
for the \$25.00 Prizes as well and  
get a valuable Air Gun and full  
outfit free. Get up your list of  
13 six months' subscriptions at  
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Box 652, Augusta, Maine.



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The popular "Goo Goo" Wink-  
ing Eye is what you must wear on  
your coat or vest if you want to cut  
out all the other fellows and make  
the pretty girls. You can engage in  
conversation and slyly turn back  
your coat lapel and wink your "Goo  
Goo" eye so easily you'll win the  
girl and fool the other fellow or if a  
friend is telling a funny story that is old and stale or not  
just true, you can bring your winking eye into play

### A NOTTY WINK.

and turn him down without any hard feeling. The eye is  
strongly made of metal, the front is painted in natural  
life-like colors and the wink is  
produced by pulling an invisible  
string from behind and there is a  
long strong pin to fasten through  
your clothing. The whole thing is  
strong and durable and the most  
talked about novelty today. Every  
one is wild for one, every young man  
in the big cities has one and all the  
girls too. "Just because she made  
dem Goo Goo eyes" is why you should  
have one, so send 12c. today for a  
special sample. 6 for 50c.; 1 dozen  
\$1.00. Agents make big money. Address  
LANE & CO., Dept. C, Augusta, Maine.

### FREE! FREE! FREE!

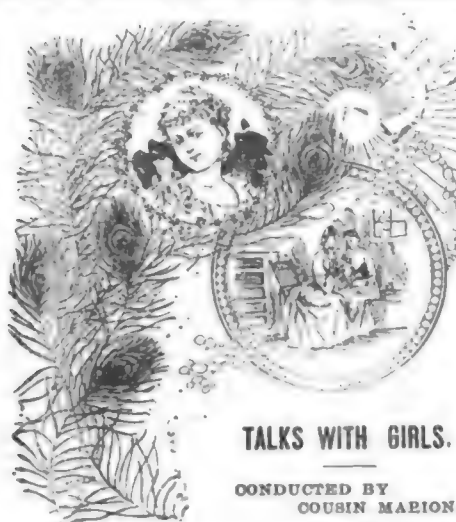
#### Beautiful A Pair of Lace Curtains. Adjustable Reclining Chair.

It is made of the finest Oak and so  
arranged by a simple device in the back  
that it can be adjusted to either a loung-  
ing or upright position. It is the most  
useful and popular Easy Chair on the  
market. They seem to just fit the  
tired body after a busy day's work  
in fact it fits one's every mood.  
We are giving these Chairs away as  
Premiums for selling our Remedies.

#### Lace Curtains Free.

Sell only six Electric Plasters at  
5c. each, which we trust you will  
with and we will send you a pair of  
these elegant Nottingham Lace  
Curtains, each Curtain is nine feet  
long to you get six yards of Curtains in the pair, and as they are  
four feet wide for the two, they gather up nicely and fur-  
nish an elegant drape for even the very broad windows; in fact  
in many instances one pair would do for several windows, and  
just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of  
taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a  
room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are  
obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as  
well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and  
formerly sold as high as six or eight dollars a pair. They are  
delivered free to you, all charges paid. Don't fail to send for the  
six Plasters to-day, as soon as you sell them and send us the  
\$1.50 you get the Curtains and learn all about the Morris  
Chair. It will surprise you in liberality. We do  
not give the \$15.00 Chair for selling only \$1.50 worth  
of goods as some firms profess to do, but we make you the most  
liberal, honest and straightforward offer ever put out. We are  
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want to prove there is a sure prevention and cure for Lame  
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Pneumonia, Malaria, etc., etc. Send for the six Plasters  
to-day. Address  
The Gnat Plaster Co., Box C, Augusta, Maine.





## TALKS WITH GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY  
COUSIN MARION.

An April greeting to you all, my dears, and may its showers that bring the flowers typify the tears that you may shed which will bring something brighter and sweeter to your lives. Now let us talk together awhile.

The first letter is from Leonora, of Hayes, Ill., who asks a lot of questions about beans and she is only fifteen. I can only say to her that girls of fifteen are too young to even think about beans, much less ask questions about them. Wait five years, my dear.

Helen, Hendrun, Minn.—Your dentist friend may be quite sincere and honest in his admiration of you. Let him call on you but treat him with dignity, as he is evidently inclined to be too familiar.

Pansy, Myra, Pa.—Ask your brother to invite the young man to call, or ask him yourself some time when he is with your brother. Of course he is not in love with you. (2) A mole is a dangerous thing to tamper with. Ask a doctor. (3) "P. S." stands for "Post Scriptum." Latin for "writing after."

Rice Bird, Abbeville, S. C.—If the young man is poor and he will have you and your mother to support, don't marry him. You can support your mother better yourself. If she is young enough to help you in the house and the man wants her there then you might marry. It would take a column article on love to answer the other questions you ask, and then you wouldn't be sure.

Peggy, Lansing, Mich.—Wait until she is twenty, and get some other fellow. You may stay at your fiancé's home with his mother and sisters. It is proper to ask a man to call. The escort who is inattentive should never have another chance to be so.

Friend, Mountain City, Tenn.—In writing to your sweetheart you may address him as you please. But remember when you write anything that it is in black and white, and may make you ashamed some time.

Violet, St. Louis, Mo.—It seems to me that your only plan to educate the young man in English, is to teach him yourself. If he cannot learn under your teaching he cannot learn anywhere.

Broken Heart, Mayville, Ark.—Forget the young man. You will not find it so hard, I think, when you try. (2) It is hospitable to ask anybody to call again, and customary with a great many people. (3) If she can play she ought to play.

Daisy, Mars, Pa.—It is proper to go to dances with a chaperone, if the dances are all right. (2) Yes, girls may travel any distance in this country alone. But they should be very careful not to make acquaintances indiscriminately. (3) Sixteen is most too young. Don't wear a man's picture in a button unless you are engaged to him.

L. M. Z., Toledo, O.—If the young man wishes to postpone the engagement for a year it is your duty to postpone the kissing for the same length of time.

Sweet Violet, England, Minn.—Introduce the man to the lady. (2) Haven't space to answer about the basket trimming. Use your own taste. (3) You might occasionally ask to be taken out walking or riding, but don't do it very often, and know the young man pretty well. Men don't like that kind of thing, as a rule. (4) It is no disgrace not to have beans. It is a great comfort, at times.

Angie, Senior, Texas.—You are too young even to be writing to me. Ask your mother.

Triplets, Burton, Kans.—Yes, entertain the young man on the front porch in suitable weather. (2) He should not object to your going in a sleighing party. Still, if he does not want you to go, you should not. Nine o'clock is early for sleighing. (3) It seems to be the custom to go home from church with a girl who has gone there without him. (4) Don't marry an unworthy man, simply because you love. Be frank with the other man, who loves you.

Blonde, Anson, Me.—School girls may let the boys go home with them from school, but merely as boys and girls. Boys in school are not beans, and fourteen-year-old girls should give their thoughts to their books. You'll have trouble enough when you are older.

Emillie, Marak, Texas.—Write a postal to Rand & McNally, Chicago, for the information you want. (2) The bashful girl is always more attractive than the flirt, except for the moment. The former improves, the latter does not.

Roxey, Nashville, Tenn.—Don't write to the man you do not know, even if he is a friend of your girl friend. (2) It is the custom in the country for a couple to drive long distances at night to parties. (3) Don't chew gum in the parlor, no matter how many others are doing it. The more the worse. (4) When a man fails to keep any kind of an engagement it is his duty to explain as soon as possible. (5) She might answer his letter immediately after he had gone, referring pleasantly to his visit.

Dove, Daisy, Md.—It would have been better not to have put your hand in his coat pocket, and when he offered you the cigarette you should have given it back to him, with the advice that he quit using the vile things and smoke cigars like a real man. Answer his note, but you are too young yet for anything but a pleasant acquaintance as you meet. A sixteen-year-old girl of your size should wear longer dresses than a small girl. Not long, but below your shoe-tops.

Sunflower, Frouleville, Miss.—Don't marry the young man who will get drunk in your house.

C. L. W., Wicomico, Va.—I know of no way of discovering how to find out who owned the quarter before you got it. The initials are mere chance.

Violet, Columbus, Neb.—Trained nurses do not have to have a college education. (2) Certainly, don't tell the man you love him, unless he tells you first. (3) If he wants to write to you he will ask.

Olive, Edgar, N. C.—There is nothing in the Bible against second cousins marrying. In some states it is legal. (2) If you like the young man your sister did not marry, and he likes you, it is all right.

Lucille, Kunkle, O.—Girls should not marry before twenty, nor men before thirty, in my opinion. (2) He does not. (3) It is permissible. (4) No.

Brown Eyes, Peoria, Ill.—Wear as many of the roses as you can and leave the others at home. (2) Thorough massaging night and morning with your hands will develop your neck and give it better color. Also gentle exercise of the muscles by moving the head from side to side and back and forth.

There, all of your questions have been answered, and nearly every question asked was indicative that my cousins are learning a good many things they ought to know without asking me. May we all be happy till we meet again. By.

COUSIN MARION.

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WE have made arrangements with one of the largest music houses of Boston to furnish our readers with ten pieces, full size, complete and unabridged sheet music for Club of One. The quality of this sheet music is the very best. The composers' names are household words all over the continent. None but high-priced copyright pieces or the most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from new plates made from large, clear type—including colored titles—and is in every way first-class, and worthy of your home. 8,000,000 copies sold!

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317	All for Thee Waltzes. . . . .	237	Am I Still Beloved? . . . . .
165	American Liberty March. . . . .	316	Are you lonely now my darling? Cho. Rutledge
323	Am Vogelherd, op. 34. . . . .	260	At Noon tide. . . . .
101	Ancients Abroad. March—Two Step. . . . .	27	Ave Maria, From Cavalleria Rusticana. Mascagni
319	Angel's Dream. Op. 36. . . . .	134	Beautiful Moonlight. Duet. . . . .
247	Artista's Life Waltzes. . . . .	238	Bells of Seville. . . . .
181	Auld Lang Syne. . . . .	162	Birchbloom, of "Tribble." . . . .
337	Bagatelle Polka. . . . .	285	Between Love and Duty. . . . .
329	Ballade. Four Hands. . . . .	226	Blue Eyes. . . . .
347	Barcarolle. . . . .	246	Boys' Days. Chorus. . . . .
218	Battle of Waterloo. Descriptive. . . . .	200	Bridge, Tho. Words by Longfellow. . . . .
176	Beauties of Paradise Waltz. 4 hands. . . . .	268	Bride Bells. . . . .
227	Beautiful Blue Danube Waltzes. . . . .	276	Brown Eyed Bessie Lee. Chorus. . . . .
213	Black Hawk Waltzes. . . . .	346	Called Back. . . . .
331	Blooming Rose Polka. . . . .	192	Can You, Sweetheart, Keep a Secret? Estabrooke
257	Blue Bells of Scotland. Trans. . . . .	214	Childhood's Happy Hours. . . . .
221	Bluebird Echo Polka. . . . .	190	Come When the Soft Twilight Falls. Schumann
199	Boston Commandery March. . . . .	284	Come Back to Our Cottage. Estabrooke
109	Bridal March from Lohengrin. . . . .	188	Cool's Dream of Promise. Cake walk. Blake
321	Brunette Waltz. . . . .	295	Crown of Glory. . . . .
229	Bryan and Sewall March. . . . .	288	Danube River. . . . .
307	Cavalier Parade Polka. . . . .	250	Darling I Shall Miss You. . . . .
255	Cavalleria Rusticana. Four hands. . . . .	176	Darling Nellie Gray. . . . .
289	Cavalleria Rusticana. Intermezzo. . . . .	244	De Ban Joan de Instrument. . . . .
133	Cadenues and Scales in all Keys. . . . .	70	Dear Heart. We're Growing Old. Estabrooke
231	Celestina Mazurka. . . . .	326	Dear Little Heart. Neath the Daisies. Rutledge
297	Chataleue, La Menuet. . . . .	304	Did You Ever Call Me Darling? . . . . .
327	Cherokee Roses Waltz. 4 hands. . . . .	128	Don't drink, my Boy, tonight. Temp. Hoover
335	Chinese Serenade. . . . .	290	Dream of Love. . . . .
340	Cinderella Gavotte. Four Hands. . . . .	310	Dream of Spring. A. Op. 1, 2. . . . .
145	Clayton (Adjutant) March—Two Step. . . . .	348	Drummer's Song. . . . .
209	Coppella. Valse Lente. . . . .	286	Dwelling with the Angels. Chorus. . . . .
211	Corn Flower Waltzes. . . . .	322	Ever Sweet is Thy Memory. . . . .
71	Crystal Dew Waltz. . . . .	318	Falling Star. . . . .
236	Dawn Polka. . . . .	180	Far Away. . . . .
163	Dewey's Grand Triumphal March. . . . .	182	Father is Drinking Again. Temperance. . . . .
287	Diamond Valley Waltz. . . . .	152	Flag of Our Country. Patriotic. . . . .
291	Eastlake Waltz. . . . .	186	Flirt with the Stars. . . . .
303	Eglonias. . . . .	138	Flirting in the Starlight. . . . .
343	Eglington Quickstep. . . . .	168	From our Home the Loved are Going. . . . .
355	Eglington Maypole Dance. . . . .	336	Frost upon the Pane. . . . .
91	Estella. Air de Ballet. Very fine. . . . .	288	Gathered Roses. . . . .
155	Evergreen Waltz. . . . .	202	God Bless My Kind Old Mother. . . . .
251	Forest Home Waltz. . . . .	204	Golden Moon. . . . .
231	Faust. Selections. . . . .	262	Greeting Duet. . . . .
77	Fift Nocturne. . . . .	180	Gypsy Countess. Duet. . . . .
233	Flirting in the Starlight. Waltz. . . . .	324	Haunts of Childhood. . . . .
239	Flower Song. Op. 33. . . . .	198	Heart of My Heart. . . . .
351	Forest Home Waltz. . . . .	272	How can I Love Thee. Duet. . . . .
277	Forest Home Waltz. . . . .	194	I Can't Forget the Happy Past. . . . .
177	Frolic of the Frogs. . . . .	248	In Shadowland. . . . .
353	Gavotte in F. Major. . . . .	266	In Summer Time. . . . .
183	Golden Rain. Nocturne. . . . .	296	It is a Legend Old. . . . .
147	Grand Commandery March—Two Step. . . . .	188	In the Starlight. Duet. . . . .
281	Grand and Toe Polka. . . . .	328	Jennie with the Sweet Brown Eyes. . . . .
185	Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still. . . . .	28	Juanita. Ballad. . . . .
173	Hobson of the Merrimac Waltzes. . . . .	242	Kathleen Mavourneen. . . . .
139	Home, Sweet Home. Transcription. . . . .	196	Killarney. . . . .
183	Jenny Lind polka. Four hands. . . . .	132	Kiss me, but don't say goodbye. . . . .
187	Last Hope. Meditation. . . . .	130	Kiss that bound my heart to thine. . . . .
166	Lark Polka. . . . .	236	Let me dream again. . . . .
159	Lee's (Don't) "On to Cuba" galop. . . . .	312	Let me dream again. . . . .
249	Lohengrin. Selections. . . . .	146	Listen to the Mocking Bird. . . . .
141	London March—Two Step. . . . .	48	Little Boy Blue. Solo or Duet. . . . .
243	Love's Dreamland Waltzes. . . . .	184	Little Voices at the Door. . . . .
99	Maiden's Prayer. The. . . . .	98	Lost Chord. The. . . . .
263	Maiden's Prayer. The. . . . .	326	Love Divine, all love excellent. . . . .
207	May Day. Four hands. . . . .	308	Mamie. . . . .
263	May Day Schottische. . . . .	234	Margaretta. . . . .
225	McKinley and Hobart March. . . . .	112	Maria's Sleeping in de Churchyard. . . . .
55	Memorial Day March. . . . .	230	Memories of My Mother. Chorus. . . . .
357	Midnight Bells Galop. . . . .	172	Mother a Welcome at the Door. . . . .
181	Monastery Waltz. . . . .	13	Mourning. . . . .
201	Music Box, The. Caprice. . . . .	222	Must the Sweet Tie that binds. . . . .
125	My Old Kentucky Home. Variations. . . . .	344	My Happy Childhood Home. . . . .
305	Napoleon. . . . .	76	My Home by the Old Mill. . . . .
175	National Songs of America. . . . .	170	My Old Kentucky Home. . . . .
153	Nightingale's Trill, op. 81. . . . .	216	Oh, Sing Again that Gentle Strain. . . . .
271	Old Folks at Home. Transcription. . . . .	228	Oh, Kiss at Home (Swanee Ribber). . . . .
171	Old Folks at Home. Transcription. . . . .	242	Old Kitchen Clock. . . . .
273	One Heart. One Soul. Mazurka. . . . .	270	Old Village Church. . . . .
219	On the Wave Waltz. . . . .	350	Only a Year. . . . .
197	Oregon, Queen of the Sea. Two-step. . . . .	104	On the Banks of the Beautiful River. Estabrooke
245	Over the Waves Waltz. . . . .	90	On the Beach. Most beautiful ballad. Robinson
79	Peace Do Waltz. . . . .	258	On the Deep. . . . .
193	Post and Peasant Overture (Suppe). . . . .	174	Outcast, An. Character Song. . . . .
285	Psyche. Gavotte. . . . .	306	Peace to Thy Spirit. Duet. . . . .
167	Red, White and Blue Forever. March. . . . .	314	Peal of the Village Bell. Chorus. . . . .
143	Richmond March—two-step. . . . .	254	Picture of My Mother, The. . . . .
245	Rustle Waltz. . . . .	148	Private Tommy Atkins. . . . .
127	Rustling Leaves. Idylle. . . . .	208	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. . . . .
352	Ruth, Esther and Marion Schottische. . . . .	224	Shall I Ever See Mother's Face Again? . . . . .
149	Salem Witches March—Two-Step. . . . .	332	She's Dreaming of the Angels. . . . .
189	Schubert's Serenade. Transcription. . . . .	194	She Sleeps among the Daisies. . . . .
309	Shepherd Boy. Idylle. . . . .	210	She's Return. The. . . . .
161	Silvery Waves. Variations. . . . .	326	Storie at Sea. Descriptive. . . . .
189	Sinthea (General) March. . . . .	278	Summer Shower. . . . .
295	Souvenir of the Ball Waltz. . . . .	32	Sweet Long Ago, The. . . . .
259	Spring Flowers Polka. . . . .	206	There's Sure to be a Way. . . . .
279	Stephanie Polka. . . . .	158	Thinking of Home and Mother. . . . .
181	Storn's Band March. . . . .	334	'Tis Years since I parted dear Mother. . . . .
209	Sweet L. ong Ago. Transcription. . . . .	292	Titania's Cradle. . . . .
223	Twilight Echoes. Song without words. . . . .	108	Tread softly the Angels are calling. . . . .
113	Under the Double Eagle March. . . . .	38	True to the Last. . . . .
205	Village Parade Quickstep. . . . .	252	Warrior Bold. . . . .
205	Warblings at Eve. . . . .	84	What are the Wild Waves Saying? Duet. . . . .
93	Wave of the Ocean March. . . . .	185	Whistling Wife. The. Comic. . . . .
261	Walding. . . . .	212	Why am I ever Watching. . . . .
251	Winona's Grace. A perfect gem. . . . .	218	Why do Summer Roses Fade. . . . .
119	Woodland Whispers Waltzes. . . . .	338	Wish A. . . . .
301	Yacht Waltz. . . . .	300	Yellow Roses. . . . .
		322	Zelma Lee. Chorus. . . . .

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Italy has a population of 32,900,000.

In China the year begins in February. The bay of Bengal is 420,000 square miles in extent.

A whale can remain under water for an hour and a half.

A negro in Demerara has unearthed a gold nugget weighing 97 1-2 pounds.

Out of 454 locomotives on the standard gauge railroad of Roumania 203 have oil burners.

Ice one and one-half inches thick will support a man; eighteen inches thick a railroad train.

A machine is in use in the pension office at Washington which will seal 25,000 envelopes in a day.

The total production of crude petroleum in the United States during the past year was 63,902,700 barrels.

The Emperor of Germany has offered a prize for a motor car controlled for the purposes of the farmer.

It takes about 17 1-2 years for a dollar to double itself at four per cent. interest compounded semi-annually.

An electrical top is one of the newest inventions. Inside is a tiny toy dynamo which is driven by a toy battery.

There are over three thousand firms in the world manufacturing munitions of war. Nine hundred are in America.

Ninety-five tons of gold and five hundred and twenty tons of silver are mined in a single year in the whole world.

A Baltimore engineer has put the whole alphabet on the head of a common pin. The work only took an hour and a half.

Yellow stains in either timber or lumber are an indication of dry rot, and are regarded as an injury to the tree or wood.

It is estimated that by taking one foot depth from Niagara Falls, power might be obtained to the value of \$1,500,000 a day.

James Chalmers, a Scotchman, invented government postage stamps in 1834. The plan was adopted by the postal authorities in 1841.

All the transportation in Venice is done by gondolas, big and little. They are used by merchants and by all classes, rich and poor.

The silken thread is spun from two or three of the nose of the silkworm, the two threads being united by a gelatinous substance.

American pine when green weighs 44 pounds 11 ounces to the cubic foot. When seasoned its weight is reduced to 30 pounds 11 ounces.

Not less than seven hundred photographs of the German emperor are extant. There are three hundred photographs of the King of England.

A German botanist is said to have discovered that out of over 6,000 species of flowers cultivated in Europe only 420 possess an agreeable perfume.

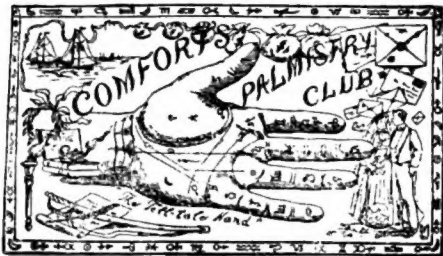
The Union stockyard in Chicago in one day last year received 2397 cars, containing 84,785 cattle, 456 hogs and 22,344 sheep, and the total value was over \$50,000.

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CONDUCTED BY DIGITUS.

## CONDITIONS.

To have one's hands read in this department, by Digitus, one of the finest living palmists, it is necessary to observe the following conditions:

Impressions of both hands must be sent, fully postpaid and having the name, address and nom de plume of the sender enclosed in the package also.

The package must in every instance be accompanied by the names and addresses of eight new subscribers at twenty-five cents each, the whole amount, \$2.00 being remitted, with the package, addressed to COMFORT PALMISTRY CLUB, Augusta, Maine.

No notice will be taken of impressions and requests for readings unless the sender has fully complied with the above conditions.

To take impressions, first hold two large pieces of blank paper over a candle or similar flame, until they are heavily coated with the smoke. Then lay these pieces down, smoke side uppermost on a pad of cotton. Now place the two hands, palms downward, one on each sheet of paper, pressing firmly and steadily down, but taking care not to move the hand. Keep them so for one minute and lift carefully, so as not to disturb the impression. Have ready some flat-iron, which can be bought at a drug store or an art store or made with gum arabic and water in an atomizer. Spray this over the impressions before they are moved and allow them to dry. Then they are ready to send.

Smoked paper impressions are the best. But if it is desired to send a plaster cast, take plaster of Paris and dissolve in water to the consistency of thick cream. Pour this into a large shallow dish and when it is hardening place the hand, well-greased, palm downward, in the plaster, pressing downward. Several minutes will be required to get this impression and great care must be taken in removing the hand, not to break the plaster. Casts are exceedingly difficult to send without breaking and should be very carefully packed in a box with the name of the sender written on it. Fully a sometimes successfully used in place of plaster. A good photograph if sufficiently well taken to bring out all the lines, can also be read, although in all cases the smoked paper is the best, if properly treated with flat-iron.

Bear in Mind that all the above conditions must be observed.

Also, that letters not complying with them will go into the waste-basket. Readings cannot appear for several months after impressions are sent.

**A** READER of this department sends in a long letter describing her hand and asking me to give her a reading from her description. That is an impossibility. The only way to have a hand read in this department is to comply with the above conditions and send on a good print of the hand.

"Eliza" sends me a good smoked paper impression from which I infer that she is a person of steady nerves and reliable character. She is a generous, open hearted person, very versatile in accomplishments and also in her intellectual qualities and a great favorite with all who know her. She will marry young, perhaps at the age of eighteen or twenty but she will grow apart from her husband and by the time she is thirty-five will have separated from him. There was considerable opposition to her marriage and some trouble which really affected her heart quite seriously, but she has been protected from any evil consequences thereof. She is a person of great tact and strong will, well fitted to be a leader wherever she lives. She will be a great favorite with the opposite sex,

being bright and vivacious, with a slight tinge of coquetry. She will have a successful life, although she will not live to be much over fifty, and her success will run to the way of riches. She will not have any children.

I have had a great many inquiries as to the best way of determining questions relating to love and marriage. I have studied the leading authorities in palmistry and have read many of the less well-known writers, and I think the deductions drawn by Cheiro are the safest for the average student to follow. According to him: "the hand does not recognize the mere fact of a ceremony, be it civil or religious—it merely registers the influence of different people over our lives, what kind of influence they have had, the effect produced, and that is in accordance with such influence. Now, marriage being so important an event in one's life, it follows that, if events can be foretold by the hand, marriage should certainly be marked, even years in advance, and I have always found that such is the case in respect to all important influences; and it is also natural that affairs de coeur, liaisons, and such, can thus be singled out and divided from what is known as marriage, except when the liaison is just as strong. Why there should be a time set apart in one's life to marry, or not to marry, as the case may be, can only be answered by referring to the other mysteries that surround us. If anyone can explain why a permanent magnet brought into an ordinary room has the power to magnetize every other bit of iron in the room, what that power is, and what the connection is, then he may be able to answer the question; but until all the secret laws and forces of nature are known, we can take no other standpoint than to accept these strange anomalies without having the power to answer the cry of the curious, the perpetual, parrot-like 'Why?' of the doubting."

We will now proceed with the marks in connection with these lines of marriage on the Mount of Mercury. The line or lines of marriage may rise on the side of the hand or may be only marked across the front of the Mount of Mercury. Only the long lines relate to marriage; the short ones to deep affection or marriage contemplated. On the line of life or fate, if it be marriage, we will find it corroborated and information given as to the change in life, position, and so on. From the position of the marriage line on the Mount of Mercury a very fair idea of the age at the time of marriage may also be obtained.

When the important line is found lying close to the line of heart, the union will be early, about fourteen to twenty-one; near the center of the mount, about twenty-one to twenty-eight; three quarters up the mount, twenty-eight to thirty-five; and so on. But the line of fate or the line of life will be more accurate, by giving almost the exact date of the change or influence.



ELIZA.

A wealthy union is shown by a strong, well-marked line from the side of the line of fate next Luna running up and joining the line of fate, when the marriage-line on Mercury is also well marked.

When, however, the line of influence rises first straight on the Mount of Luna and then runs up and into the fate-line, the marriage will be more the capricious fancy than real affection.

When the line of influence is stronger than the subject's line of fate, then the person the subject marries will have greater power and more individuality than the subject.

The happiest mark of marriage on the line of fate is when the influence line lies close to the fate-line and runs evenly with it.

The line of marriage on the Mount of Mercury should be straight without breaks, crosses, or irregularities of any kind.

When it curves or drops downward toward the line of heart, it foretells that the person to whom the subject is married will die first.

When the line curves upward, the possessor is not likely to marry at any time.

When the line of marriage is distinct, but with fine hair-lines dropping from it to the line of heart, it foretells trouble brought on by the illness and bad health of the person the subject marries.

When the line droops with a small cross over the curve, the person the subject is married to will die by accident or sudden death; but when there is a long gradual curve, gradual ill health will cause the end.

When the line has an island in the center or at any portion, it denotes some very great trouble in married life, and a separation while the island lasts.

When the line divides at the end into a drooping fork sloping towards the center of the hand, it tells of divorce or judicial separation. This is all the more certain if a fine line cross from it to the plain of Mars.

When the line is full of little islands and drooping lines, the subject should be warned not to marry. Such a mark is a sign of the greatest unhappiness.

When full of little islands and forked, it is again a sign of unhappiness in marriage.

When the line breaks in two, it denotes a sudden break in the married life.

When the line of marriage sends an offshoot on to the Mount of Sun and into the line of sun, it tells that the possessor will marry some one of distinction, and generally a person in some way famous.

When, on the contrary, it goes down towards and cuts the line of sun, the person in whose hand it appears will lose position through marriage.

When a deep line from the top of the mount grows downward and cuts the line of marriage there will be a great obstacle and opposition to such marriage.

When there is a fine line running parallel with and almost touching the marriage-line, it tells of some deep affection after marriage on the side of the person on whose hand it appears.

Do not be discouraged, for it takes a good while for your readings to appear after they have been sent. I shall come to them all in good time and give you all a chance, meanwhile be careful about complying with the above conditions on sending names and impressions. Of course many people do not understand the different mounts and lines above described, and "Comfort" with the help of Cheiro has issued a plain, brief Palmistry Guide that fully illustrates all of the things you want to know about Palmistry. To any

one sending only one new 25c yearly subscriber to "Comfort," Augusta, Maine, a copy of this book will be sent free.

*Digitus*

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**A Solid Gold Ladies' or Gents' watch costs from \$25 to \$50. Don't throw your money away.** If you want a watch that will



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## COMFORT CLUBS

For the benefit of our readers who live in the smaller towns and remote communities, COMFORT proposes the organization of Comfort Clubs whose object shall be to add to the comfort of living by bringing people together for their mutual instruction, improvement and amusement.

Knowing that social pleasures are lacking in the smaller places more because people do not know how to organize and what to do that is interesting and pleasing, than because they do not care for such things, COMFORT will undertake to suggest ways and means by which the young people, at least, may pass many winter evenings which would otherwise hang heavily.

**First:** The clubs, to be known as Comfort Clubs, are to have their membership from among subscribers to COMFORT, and ten persons or less may constitute a Club. In communities where there are more than ten eligible Clubs A, B, C, etc., may be organized, the objects of these divisions being to make it possible for sets of persons to make up their own crowds, for such meetings as they may wish to have. But each month there must be a regular meeting of the whole Club at which all members may attend and take part in the exercises.

**Second:** The monthly meeting should be held in some large room (church or town hall) and members are to read, recite, sing play on some instrument, or act a short piece, the whole to conclude with some interesting game which COMFORT will present. COMFORT will also provide the program each month for the monthly meeting, so that members need only carry out the program which will be furnished them. Division meetings may be held at private houses of members of the divisions, and once a week if so desired.

**Third:** The officers of Comfort Clubs shall consist of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, four in all, and to be elected by the Club, once a year. There are to be no fees of any kind, but if at any time the Club wishes to raise money for any charity, small admittance may be charged at the usual monthly meeting. This can only be done by vote of the Club. Every member shall be entitled to invite two persons, not members, to attend any meeting, general or division.

**Fourth:** Each member shall wear a badge or button indicating membership, COMFORT agreeing to furnish appropriate badges without cost to members.

These general rules, which will be modified and improved as the needs of Clubs develop, are now given as a basis upon which to organize the pioneer Clubs, and COMFORT will be pleased to hear from our lady readers all over the land concerning their willingness to undertake the good work. COMFORT will also be glad to render all the assistance in its power to aid the cause of making life cheerier and brighter and increasing good will and good fellowship among mankind. A special prize will be awarded to the first club organizing and reporting to this office, which organization may take place immediately upon receipt of this notice. Various annual prizes, to be determined later, will be awarded to Clubs for excellence in attendance, numbers, etc.

Address all communications to Comfort Club Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Method of Organization of Clubs.

Let the person undertaking the organization notify six or more subscribers to COMFORT at the same postoffice to meet at a designated house, or room, and when they have come together, simply state the object of the organization of the club, as announced in COMFORT and get the sense of the meeting as to organizing. If a majority favor it, proceed at once to organization by naming two or more persons, male or female as candidates for President, first. Then pass slips of blank paper around for each person to write thereon the name of his or her choice for the office, and the one receiving the highest number of votes shall be declared president. Proceed in the same way for Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Then the person who has called the meeting will retire and the new officers will take charge, the President in the chair, conducting the meeting, and the Secretary acting as clerk making the minutes. The President will announce the program and call off the order of business naming those who are set down as taking individual parts.

The main idea is to have this part of the club's work as simple as it can possibly be, so that members will find the duties a pleasure rather than a burden, the object of the club being the greatest comfort to the greatest number.

### Comfort Club Program.

- 1—Meeting called to order by President.
- 2—Reading minutes of previous meeting; by Secretary.
- 3—Admission of members.
- 4—Other business, if any.
- 5—Intermission of five minutes—conversation.
- 6—Recitation.
- 7—Vocal selection—solo or concerted number.
- 8—Instrumental selection—any instrument.
- 9—Intermission of five minutes—conversation.
- 10—Comfort Club Game, for all present. (See below.)
- 11—"Auld Lang Syne," sung by the entire meeting.
- 12—Announcements for following month by the Vice President.
- 13—"The Star Spangled Banner," sung by all present, standing.
- 14—Good Night.

### GAMES FOR COMFORT CLUB.

#### Distinguished Persons.

An amusing game is played by giving the names of distinguished persons to various members of the company and having them guess who they are by the remarks made to them by others. To play this game, the President of the club, assisted by whomever he may select, writes on slips of paper the names of the very best known people living or dead and puts them in a hat or box where they may be readily got at. Then all the company is invited to go out of the room, and as each one is asked to come in, a slip bearing the name of some one is pinned on his back without his knowing who it is. Then another is asked in and another until all are in and each one has a slip pinned on, and at last the remaining slips are pinned on the president and his assistants by some of the company. All go about now looking at the slips on each other's back and addressing some remark to each one indicating who he is and he must guess his name and character. For instance, if the name Alexander the Great were on some one and another should step up and say to him: "How do you do, are you weeping for more worlds to conquer?" he would be pretty sure to guess that he was Alexander. This would, of course, be on a man. If the slip were on a lady, and it was "Mrs. Carrie Nation," let us say, and some one would say to her: "Oh, you haven't got your hatcher with you?" she would be pretty likely to guess who she was the first time. A great deal of fun may be had with this game, and when it has narrowed down to a very few who fail to guess who they are the company can have a lot of sport with them by asking them all manner of funny questions. The names of persons of local character, and every place has one or two characters of that kind, add to the amusement. This game may be continued for an hour, and the names may be used over again.

#### Charades.

Charades are always excellent for filling in the time with, as they may be played for any length of time, and a whole evening may be given to them, so that everybody can have an opportunity of doing something. No paraphernalia or previous study is required. A word is chosen and two or more people come before the audience and act it out, the audience guessing at what the word is. Let us take the big word metaphysician, as an example. A young man walks in from one side and a girl from the other and they meet. She says to him: "How do you do, Doctor?" and they pass out. You see she has met a physician, and it takes pretty good guessing to say what the word is, if you don't know. A word of two syllables (not a pun as the other) is "Announce" becomes a little three act play. A girl comes in and her mother talks to her on any subject, let us say it is the young man. In the course of her talk, a young man comes in and calls the girl by her first name "Ann," and the mother becomes indignant that the young man should be so familiar with her daughter. That is the first act—Ann. The second is a store, let us say, and various people come in to buy. One gets rice, another sugar, another potatoes and so on, asking for any number of pounds, and finally a little girl comes in and asks very timidly for flour, and when she is asked how much, she says she doesn't know, but she supposes an ounce will be enough. That is the second act—

## A woman's discovery FREE

By many years of constant study and experiments, I have perfected a simple, harmless vegetable remedy that will quickly cure all female diseases, as well as the piles, it is nature's own remedy and will not only relieve, but will absolutely, thoroughly and permanently cure the ailments peculiar to women, such as falling of the womb, leucorrhea (whites), displacements, ulceration, granulation, painful or scanty periods, irregular menstruation and all the pelvic ills of women. It positively cures rectal ulcers, piles, hemorrhoids, tumors, itching, blind or bleeding piles in either sex. It cures promptly, privately and permanently without the repugnant methods in general use by physicians. You can escape embarrassing examinations, avoid humiliating exposures, cheat the surgeon's knife out of baptism in your blood.

The treatment is so simple, mild and effectual that it will not interfere with your work or occupation. Thousands and thousands of letters are being received from grateful persons from all parts of the world who have been cured by the use of this remedy. The first package is free, send for it—send today. I know that a fair trial of it will result in your becoming its enthusiastic advocate and friend. With it I will send literature of interest and value. Do not neglect this opportunity to get cured yourself and be in a position to advise ailing friends.

Consider well the above offer and act upon it at once. It is made in the sincere hope of aiding you and spreading the knowledge of a beneficent boon to sufferers. Earnestly, hopefully, faithfully,

MRS. CORA B. MILLER, 329 Comstock Bldg., Kokomo, Ind.

ounce. The third act, the whole word "announce," may be done by a young man who stands up and as each person comes to him he tells him something in a whisper he announces it to the company. If he is a bright young man he can make any kind of announcement he pleases about any person present, which always provokes merriment. There are so many words that may be acted in charades that we will not attempt a list here, as every Comfort Club has a dictionary at hand. Charades should be used principally to extend the time, if the game of the evening is not quite as long as the company wish to remain.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. M.M. Fenner's Specific cures. By mail. Send for Circular, Fredonia, N.Y.

C. S. A. MONEY Circulars free. Address P. E. Cheney, Box 27, Mutual, Ohio.

CHICAGO HOUSEHOLD GUEST 50 cents a year. Sample copy free on application.

Home Work 60c. a sheet, copying. Send stamp. Wholesale Supply Co., South Bend, Ind.

\$5.00 per 1000 paid to distribute circulars. Contract for 4 stamps. Dist. B's Guarantee Co., Chicago.

PAST FUTURE TRULY REVEALED. In 100 words, the history of your life. L. T. MORGAN, Kansas City, Mo.

WE PAY \$20 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Compound. Send stp. JAVELLE MFG. CO., Dept. 17, Parsons, Kansas.

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By selling 12 pieces of our handsome jewelry (each set with an exquisite jewel). Send your address and we will send you the 12 pieces. We will send you the handsome "Gold" watch, which has an American lever escapement, expansion balance, quick train, highly finished movement. Guaranteed for 20 years. SAFE CO. 43 Safe Bldg., Chicago

## FREE TRUSS



## BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE FUN AND MONEY

Would you like to exert a strange and magic power over others? Do you desire to possess an accomplishment by which you can make both fun and money? If so, you should become a Hypnotist. You can now master this wonderful, mysterious and fascinating science free of all cost at your own home. By a few hours' study you can learn all about the secrets, methods, uses and wonders of the hypnotic trance. You can surprise and mystify all your friends and acquaintances by placing any one you wish under this weird and magic spell, and compel them to see, think, feel, and act precisely as you wish. You can sway the minds of others, perform the most wonderful and astounding feats, and create fun and amusement for hours at a time. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do, and make yourself famous in a week's time. If you want to make money, you can do so by giving entertainments, curing disease, or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win a fortune. Why be poor? Why work for others, when you can master this money-making profession so easily? Investigate now. It costs nothing to find out all about it. Professor Harraden, the world-renowned Hypnotist, has issued a large and elegant FREE BOOK, entitled "A Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism," and anybody can get a copy of it without one cent of cost, merely for the asking. Simply send for it by letter or postal, and it will be sent you free and prepaid by return mail. It is the most beautiful, interesting and valuable book ever published. It contains hundreds of beautiful pictures and is a marvel of elegance and splendor. The cover is a gem of art, and the printing and other features are simply perfect. Best of all, this charming book tells you just how to become a hypnotist. Every secret and mystery is here explained in the simplest language, and you are amazed to find that you can master all these powers yourself and wield the subtle forces of mind as well as any operator in the land. You are also shown how you may heal the sick, relieve pain, cure bad habits, give sleep to the restless and comfort to the sorrowing. And for yourself, as this free book shows, you can win promotion, social and business standing, increase of trade, the influence, friendship or love you most desire, and, in short, all that is needed to make you rich, esteemed and happy as long as life lasts. This book also treats fully on Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing and kindred subjects, and how to cure yourself of any pain, ache or disease. In spite of its great value and precious contents, this book is free to you—free as any gift ever held out by a generous hand. There is no cost, no charge whatever. Simply write for it, and it will be sent by next mail, charges paid. Don't send any money, not even a stamp, but send your name and address TODAY, and learn how to win health, wealth and fame.

Prof. L. A. HARRADEN, Dept. 3, Jackson, Mich.

## Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich.

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**MARRY** Any Man willing to MARRY a PLAIN Lady, worth \$10,000 who will give him \$10,000.00 Cash on Wedding Day. Send his address to 1228, 97, 544, CLARK Office, Chicago.

**IMMENSELY** wealthy, handsome and intelligent lady wants immediately good, capable husband. Address: P. O. Drawer 158, Chicago, Ill.

**COUNTRY LADY**, wealthy, of domestic tastes, would marry a kind, honorable, gentleman. No triflers or agents. Martin, 19 N. Clark St., Chicago.

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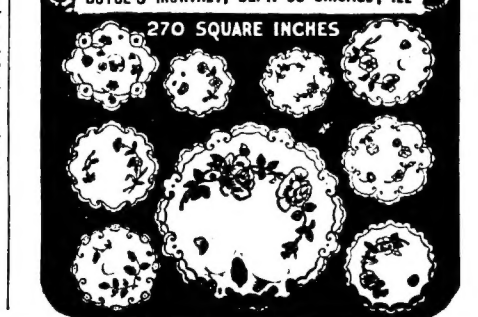
A splendid SOLID GOLD LADY WATCH with American movement fully warranted to keep good time for 5 years and with proper care will last 20 years, equal in appearance to one costing \$50. It is given FREE to anyone for selling 20 pieces of jewelry at 10c. each. Send us your address and we will forward jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will positively send watch and chain by return mail. THE BEST CO., Dept. 122 Chicago.

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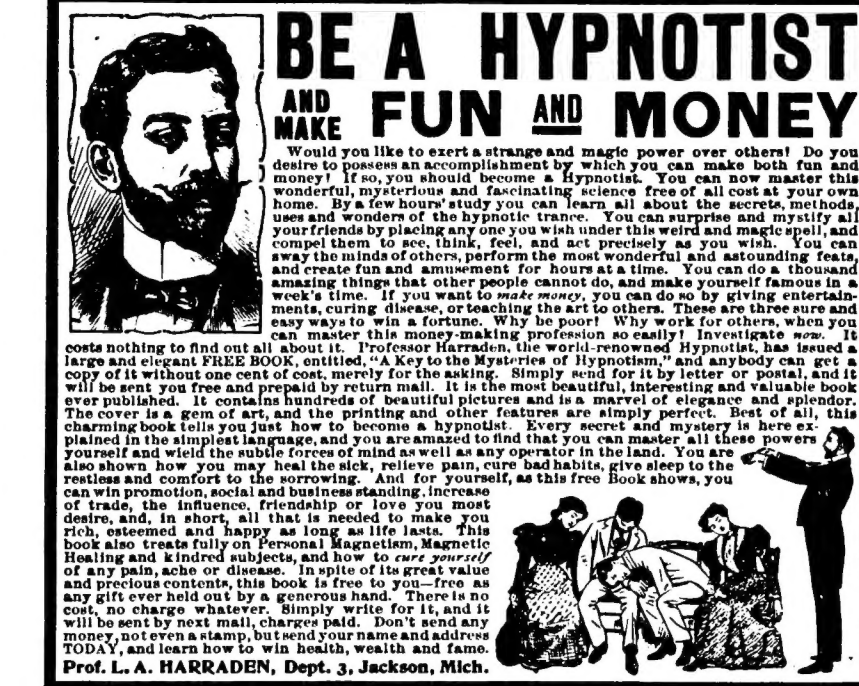
Embroidery silk will cost you a lot of money bought at the store. We have a great jobbing-house lot of rich silk bought at wholesale. No high retail price with a lot of middle profits; but we get actual cost price. We want to give the whole benefit to our lady readers. We have prepared a lot of assorted packages containing a liberal supply of bright, rich new silk in a variety of tones and shades, which would cost a heap of money bought at the stores. We will send our illustrated bargain list and full assorted, large sized silk package for the ridiculously low price of ten cents; or, three packages for twenty cents. Write today before the rush. S. W. LANE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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## SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

**PRICE OF TEA SETS ADVANCING.** We find ourselves in a fortunate position in obtaining for our old club members an extraordinary value in China Ware. There are more opportunities to obtain as a premium a set of dishes than any other kind of merchandise, probably because of the great usefulness of the same. It is our custom at this season of the year to renew all subscriptions, also obtain large numbers of new readers for the coming year. So we have made a special effort to add attractive features to our already popular magazine and can promise every issue next year will please every member of the household.

**A Word About the Tea Set.** These sets are of the latest and most beautiful design, of choicest coloring and pattern, they are regular \$4.00 to \$6.00 store price sets. This useful and ornamental set, which would adorn and beautify any abode of luxury, we shall give away for a short time to our club members. Let us tell you what it is. It is a 56-piece tea set consisting of teapot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 2 cake plates, 12 preserve dishes and one slop bowl. It is of the finest style ware and every piece perfect in design and shape. Never was a more handsome set put together and it will be a marvel of beauty for years. It is the perfection of daintiness and every woman will find instant delight and constant pleasure in owning one.

**SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.** If you will send a club of only twelve subscribers to COMFORT at 50c. each we will send COMFORT regularly and as a gift for sending the club we will send you carefully packed, one complete 56-Piece Tea Set exactly as above described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## THE HOME FINDER

(So many inquiries are made by "Comfort" readers concerning real estate (country and city) farms and locations for homes that this column has become a necessity and here we shall be glad to answer all questions.)

Any paid-up subscriber who desires to make a change in their present situation or are in any way uncomfortable in their abode and want information about any particular location in any State in the Union can address "The Comfort Home Finder," Augusta, Maine, and we will try and serve them.

Mrs. Margaret W. Rockport, Ind.—A chicken farm near Washington, D. C. in Virginia would undoubtedly pay if it were conducted properly. Land may be had within from five to fifteen miles of the city at from \$40 to \$75 an acre and on a line of railroad or trolley. The section is healthy, back from the Potomac, and the climate is about the average of what it is where you now are. Churches and schools abound and some very nice people have their homes in that locality. The Washington market is one of the finest, especially if you devote yourself to handling the highest grade of produce. \$2,500 ought to buy a farm large enough for your purpose with a good house on it to live in. The roads through that section are only fairly good.

Frank B. Americus, Ga.—Western New York is rapidly coming to the front, if it is not already there, as a peach growing section, though Georgia peaches may now have more prestige than New York peaches. If you want to come North you probably could not do better than to apply your knowledge somewhere in the beautiful country about the lakes of the western part of the Empire State. You will probably find land prices higher than they are in your section, but there are other advantages that will offset that. S. I. Patterson, Albany, is the State Commissioner of Agriculture and he is prepared to answer any questions you may ask.

Mrs. K. T. Harrisburg, Pa.—An inexpensive town in which to live while you are educating your sons is Emory, Va., in which is situated the long established Emory and Henry College, which has now about 125 students and a library of 11,000 volumes. It is a quiet old town, under good Methodist influence, such as you seek, and your income of a thousand dollars would provide you with all the comforts, and educate your boys.

John S. North Loup, Neb.—The so-called "abandoned farms" of Massachusetts are no more than farms which the owners have not found it possible to make a living on sufficient to satisfy them, and have put them in the State's hands to sell. Very many, if not all of them, can be successfully worked by enterprising farmers with modern ideas and hustling methods. For full particulars write to Hon. J. W. Stockwell, Sec'y State Board Agriculture, Boston, Mass. (2) Cheap farming land in Kentucky is scarce in desirable sections. Cheap mountain land is plenty—much of it with timber and minerals, though at present hard to reach as roads are lacking. Write to Hon. I. B. Noll, Commissioner of Agriculture, Frankfort, Ky. (3) As to cheap lands elsewhere, there is so much to be had that we cannot go into details. Specify what particular section you want to know about and we will put you in touch with it.

Daisy, Mountain View, Mo.—The farming country around Knoxville, Tenn., while not unusually productive is delightful for scenery and health, being near the mountains and well watered. Knoxville itself is an active, growing city, furnishing a market. In many respects that part of Tennessee is one of the most desirable locations in the country for a home. Write to Hon. Thos. Paine, Commissioner of Agriculture, Nashville, Tenn., for particulars, prices, etc.

R. H. P. Fowler, Cal.—We do not have details concerning the Virginia lands for sale for taxes, but you can get full information by addressing Hon. A. W. Harmon, Jr., Treasurer, Richmond, Va. He will also give you the names of reliable real estate dealers, or owners of farms if you ask for them. Virginia is anxious to secure new people to restore her worn-out lands, and there is money there for the right kind of workers.

M. M. B. Linnville, Ills.—We would advise against buying land that you can get "for almost nothing." Land which is that cheap is worse than nothing, for you have taxes to pay and there is no outcome to it. The arid lands of the West may be an exception, but while they may cost almost nothing in the original outlay, the cost for irrigating brings the price up to that of good land. In our judgment the day is past when cheap lands are good as an investment, unless the investor gives them his personal attention and brings them up to a productive and profitable level.

Mrs. Nellie B. Flowerfield, Mich.—If you will write to Hon. A. W. Harmon, Jr., State Treasurer, Richmond, Va., he will give you the information you seek, and what he tells you may be relied upon.

Z. D. H.—See answer to above for information concerning Virginia lands. (2) Land in northern Ohio may be had at fair prices, and it is fairly productive but very generally flat and the drainage is not good. There are much better farming sections than this in the southern part of the state. Write for information to Hon. W. W. Miller, Sec'y State Board of Agriculture, Columbus, Ohio.

G. E. C. Farina, Ills.—See answers above for Virginia lands. (2) There are no lands for sale in Florida for taxes, we believe. At least not in any amount. Write to Hon. L. B. Wombwell, Commissioner of Agriculture, Tallahassee, Fla., and he will give you information that will cover your inquiries.

B. F. H. Cardiff, Ala.—Probably no better section for weak lungs can be found than Arizona, and the future of the territory in agriculture is extremely promising. If you will write to Hon. Mark Smith, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., he will be glad to tell you all about climate, health and future of the territory he represents in Congress.

W. D. W., Watertown, Tenn.—Circulars will be sent to you as soon as later ones are received. In the mean time write to Hon. A. W. Harmon, Jr., State Treasurer, Richmond, Va., for general information.

F. W. S. Waupaca, Wis.—Is between the Columbus, Ind., neighborhood and Madison County, Iowa, we would recommend Columbus for your purpose. The land is rolling prairie, very rich for wheat and corn, and good for poultry raising, but you cannot get it cheap, prices going from \$50 per acre up, according to improvements. Columbus is about sixty miles south of Indianapolis, with Louisville, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio., as additional markets. Write to W. A. Stevens, P. M., Columbus, Bartholomew Co., Ind., for particulars.

## TAPE-WORM

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CARDS FREE Send us your name and address and receive our Agents' outfit. You can make money. Address TITTLE BROS., BOX 4, TOTOKET, CONN.

MONEY C. S. A. \$5 bill sent to any address for 25c. Will give \$50 to anyone who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

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CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.



Pacific ocean between Australia and South America. The central path of the eclipse begins at Van Dieman's Land and passes southward towards the South Pole, thence northeasterly to the 20th degree of south latitude.

An eclipse falling in an earthy sign, as in this case, is said to denote a "scarcity of the fruits of the earth" in the regions where visible and in those ruled by the zodiacal sign in which the eclipse occurs.

A figure of the heavens erected for the moment of the eclipse, shows the first degree of Scorpio rising, with Mars, Sun, Moon and Mercury setting in the western house of the figure. Venus has gone below the horizon and is in the 5th house; the great benefic Jupiter is in the 4th house; Saturn is in the 3rd, and Herschel is in the 2nd.

The conjoined luminaries in the 7th, so near the contentious Mars, is a feature of disquiet which is not agreeable. It points to some contention in the western part of our country in which our Administration joins, thereby inviting severe criticism by the people there, giving unpopularity to the Chief Executive and those in authority under him. Labor and granger organizations are vigorously recruited in those regions and controversies and dissensions are likely over railroad matters affecting the agricultural and cattle interests of portions of the west. There will be some unusual disturbance in prices of railway securities and incidentally of general stocks through the middle days of May and about the 1st of June.

Jupiter, in the 4th house, promises well for the agricultural classes of the country, indicating temperate growing weather with, however, rather more than usual heat and thunder and lightning for the season around the 20th of the month especially.

On the whole, the promises of the figure are good for the general welfare of the country, notwithstanding sectional differences and some inharmenies in the West. Our President should be on his guard during this lunation and near the 20th of the month. He should be careful of hurts from fire-arms and animals in all sports and recreations and be careful of the eyesight throughout the month.

The Eclipse falling in the sign found to be in sympathy with Ireland and the Irish people, promises unfavorably to them. There will be more than usual excitement if not some turbulent outbreaks among the people in the emerald isle. The indications are likewise poor for the agricultural interests there. Vegetation will be likely to be tardy or more than usual depression will result to their interests through political action. We trust that nothing serious will be the outcome of this eclipse in that section of the world.

## CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR MAY, 1902.

**MAY 1—Thursday.** This month opens with an excellent day which should be fully improved for urging all honorable undertakings; buy goods for trade and have dealings with banks, wealth, and all kinds of corporations, make collections, adjust accounts and solicit money accommodations.

**2—Friday.** Give preference to this day in dealing with metals, machinery, cutlery, drugs, and chemicals, also for mixing and compounding; urge the pursuit of the mechanical trades and inventions; have dentistry done and surgical operations performed, except such as require incisions at the abdominal regions.

**3—Saturday.** Begin the day earnestly and improve it vigorously for all commercial transactions; urge correspondence and literary matters generally; sign writings of all kinds except those pertaining to patents or trade marks; the evening is bad and unsatisfactory.

**4—Sunday.** The forenoon is the best part of the day and particularly invites communion with the poet, musician and gives special appreciation to the beautiful in religion, nature and art.

**5—Monday.** Another excellent day, being particularly fortunate for all commercial pursuits; buy goods for trade; speculate in stocks and securities, especially if they nativity also favor at this time; seek favor and money accommodations from banks and persons of means; deal with railway authorities and other large corporations or organizations of men.

**6—Tuesday.** The forenoon is not to be chosen for inauguration of any important venture and is more likely to bring hindrances or disappointments to progress of matters in hand; have no dealings with real estate men, builders, agriculturists, lumbermen or traders in such commodities as wood, coal, timber, lead, agricultural products, and boots and shoes; the afternoon is the better part of the day.

**7—Wednesday.** Partial Eclipse of the Sun, visible in New Zealand and the South Pacific ocean. Be very cautious in thy money undertakings of this day, beware of speculation as bad losses are threatening; bad failures occur in business circles about this time and fraud and defalcations of magnitude come to light. The day is evil in a financial sense for persons born about the 9th of August or 9th of November of past years, and they will do well to husband their resources and depend upon mental and manual exertions alone without use of cash capital, to gain worldly goods or advantages. See that no fire gains headway in the early hours of the day and that disputes are not born of the passing influences.

**8—Thursday.** Actively pursue thy several avocations during all this day, giving preference to the forenoon for dealings in real estate, boots and shoes, wool, lead, coal and all classes of building materials; sign writings; execute wills, leases and trusts; deal with printers and publishers, civil engineers, surveyors, lawyers, trustees, and superintendents of corporate affairs; use the day generally for artistic and decorative work and dramatic engagements, and the afternoon particularly for social and musical entertainments and engaging the mind with polite literature of all kinds. The day is peculiarly fortunate for persons born about the 19th of March or May and the 21st of September or November, of past years; as such persons are likely to be now having more agreeable business experiences and improved mental conditions. The contrary is noted for persons born about the 18th of January or April or the 21st of July or October of past years, and they should beware of making changes in their business, should avoid the execution of writings pertaining to houses and lands and take good care of the digestive apparatus.

**9—Friday.** The forenoon is not recommended as favorable, being likely to give disappointment or hindrances to progress of matters in hand; but as the noon is passed let every energy be put forth and honorable transactions will meet with more than ordinary success. Replenish thy stock in trade; have dealings with banks and other moneyed institutions; solicit money accommodations and urge all commercial contracts to the utmost.

**10—Saturday.** Disputes are likely to mar the early

events of the early morning unless the tongue be held well under control; the middle hours of the day are the best ones; the elegant pursuits are adversely affected in the afternoon, when no purchases of apparel or fancy or artistic wares should be made; the evening does not promise much satisfaction from musical or dramatic entertainments.

**11—Sunday.** An excellent Sabbath day, especially conducive to mental activity and voluble and aggressive utterances.

**12—Monday.** Use the early hours of this day for the more important transactions, but as the noon approaches and passes adverse influences are likely to arrest progress of matters or bring disappointment to hopes or plans. The afternoon is better for literary and artistic pursuits, study, mathematical and scientific labors as well as social and dramatic entertainments; do not have any dealings with builders, plumbers, lumbermen, or those engaged in buying and selling houses and lands, in the middle hours of the day.

**13—Tuesday.** Urge all the literary undertakings in the early part of this day, when also give attention to the fine arts and all matters that tend to the pleasure and gratification of mankind. As the noon is passed and during the latter part of the day let all avoid rashness of word and act and be not easily moved to wrath; the day is peculiarly dangerous for surgical operations, especially when performed by the use of anæsthetics or if incisions are made at the throat or groin or the urinary organs; some bad accidents come at this time; the day after it in the forenoon is mischievous for speculators and will conduct to bad losses of money. In fact, the middle ten days in May are likely to produce sharp fluctuations in prices of stocks and general commodities and persons in the markets will need to be unusually watchful not to be caught between the millstones. Do not make any purchases of goods for trade during the afternoon; keep watch of sudden impulses, not permitting the judgment to be warped by sudden rumors or developments.

**14—Wednesday.** Give no offence to thine employer during the forenoon nor seek promotion or favor in public positions. Use the afternoon most vigorously for the affairs of life and particularly for great public organizations of men or women.

**15—Thursday.** An indifferent day in nearly all respects, though the evening and night hours are especially evil for all classes of literary work, mental labors, and mathematical investigations.

**16—Friday.** Active and energetic throughout the morning, but in the noon hours, and especially in the afternoon; begin the day early for dealing in metals, machinery and cutlery and the pursuit of the mechanical trades and inventions; make no applications to public bodies for favor or advantage in the noon hours, but urge all undertakings to the utmost in the latter half of the day, especially if they pertain to building matters or transactions concerned with houses or lands or mining or agricultural pursuits.

**17—Saturday.** Not particularly conducive to success in any of the great undertakings in life; look out for the pennies in the forenoon when no purchases should be made for trade or speculation.

**18—Sunday.** The best Sabbath day in the month; the efforts of the clergy will be especially happy and effective and minds dwell with earnestness and zeal in the contemplation of religious subjects; the day also gives special enjoyment of literary works of scientific and philosophical character.

**19—Monday.** The forenoon is less to be depended upon than the balance of the day for assistance in conducting the many and varied affairs of life; in buying such commodities as coal, wood, iron, petroleum, lead, wool, or grain. Nor should any contracts for building or repairing be made from 10 in the forenoon to 1 in the afternoon; urge all general business in the latter half of the day.

**20—Tuesday.** The conditions of this day are of little importance until the late afternoon and the affairs of life are conducted regularly and with no great success or much hindrance. At the night approaches, see that special precautions are observed against fire and explosions for we are now in the midst of a time when some very serious losses are likely to result from the fiery element. Fires prevailing in these days will be furious and destructive of values and inflict unusual harm upon human beings. The fire losses of the month are likely to average more than usual and money values will be subject to sudden and marked changes.

**21—Wednesday.** Be cautious in drawing thy purses from this day, being sure that necessity rather than temporary fancy invites expenditures; money transactions do not promise well for the forenoon and the days hereabouts are likely to be extremely unfortunate in a financial sense for persons born about the 7th of May or the 10th of August or November, of past years. Such persons should avoid all species of speculation unless they wish to lose heavily. Those so born who are subject to troubles in blood circulation or in the heart's action will be wise to have care not to excite themselves or indulge the appetite too freely for rich and stimulating foods and drinks. Have nothing to do with patents or patented goods at this time.

**22—Thursday.** This day bids thee avoid quarrels with thine employer or superior; do not make any application for position in government employ and shun contact with principal officers of great corporations; the afternoon is the best part of the day for all matters.

**23—Friday.** A peculiarly happy day for the musician and artist. REGULUS advises his friends in all the elegant avocations to take advantage of the bright prospects for the inauguration of their most important works. Those matrimonially inclined who were born about the 4th to 7th of February, 8th of April, 6th of May, 9th of June, or 10th of December, of past years, would do well to take this day towards the consummation of their heart's best wishes. Marriage now entered into in such natiivities will be attended with a full degree of comfort and happiness unless it should happen in some individual cases the radical promises for such a step is generally adverse. Let all persons engaged in business handling the nice things of life—articles of dress or adornment of the toilet—thoroughly improve this day for thereby increasing their stock in trade and making engagements of magnitude in their business.

**24—Saturday.** An auspicious day; make no contracts, sign no deeds or writings of importance and have as few dealings as possible with persons engaged in the literary pursuits. Press-writers, students, mathematicians, and those engaged in the publication of books, contend here with temporary annoyances and unsatisfactory work; business contracts are not favored and are best postponed until the 29th of the month.

**25—Sunday.** The conditions of this day are generally favorable though the afternoon and evening conduce more appreciably than the early hours to successful or agreeable mental efforts and intellectual conversations.

**26—Monday.** Conflicting testimonies prevail this day, though the forenoon is really evil for the fine arts and in dealing in artistic goods; nor is it profitable for musicians, actors, jewelers, or caterers to public amusements or entertainments; as the noon is past give preference to transactions concerning machinery, chemicals, drugs, and the mechanic and manufacturing interests; trade in cattle, glassware, electrical apparatus and supplies, hardware, cutlery, firearms and explosives.

**27—Tuesday.** Do not engage in business connected with houses and lands in the forenoon and concern thyself with persons in the dirty or laborious avocations. The late afternoon is the best part of the day, particularly for transactions with persons in authority or who are in charge of public works.

**28—Wednesday.** Be in no haste to execute contracts in the forenoon which is in general less to be depended upon than the time after the noon hour; mental labors will be less satisfactory and the literary affairs less successful; but as midday is reached let all enter vigorously upon their several pursuits; make purchases of goods for trade, deal with commercial men, bankers, judges, lawyers, and persons of prominence in public life; solicit favor or advantage from those having charge of public or corporate funds and concern thyself with patents and patented goods.

**29—Thursday.** An excellent day, particularly favorable for travellers, merchants, literary men and scientists, and the forenoon should be used especially for the elegant pursuits and for the study of music, art, and the drama, also for dealings in decorative and artistic wares, dress, and apparel. Literary productions launched at this time will be more than usually successful.

**30—Friday.** Expect no favor at the hands of thine employer nor from public officials and avoid dealings with persons in trade handling furniture and furnishings of all kinds; give thy landlord a wide berth in the afternoon.

**31—Saturday.** Choose this day for chemical experiments and for urging all works of construction, also the mechanical pursuits; make contracts pertaining to masonry, electrical enterprises, excavations, and railway construction; have dentistry done at this time.

PROFESSOR EDISON, the world's most famous Astrologer, invites every reader of this paper to test his power. FREE of charge. If you send your date of birth and a 2c stamp for return postage, send to you a **YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE** Horoscope, and you will explain many things that you should know about your future success in business, love and society. Write today to Professor H. Edison, Dept. T, Binghamton, N.Y.

# Blood Poison Cured Free

The Remedy is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Indiana Physician has discovered the most wonderful cure for Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored spots, ulcerations on the body and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.



The illustrations above plainly show what this Grand Discovery will do.

William McGrath, 48 Guilford St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me of blood poison. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men."

Every railroad running into Ft. Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 2876 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

**LADIES HOME WORK, WE TRUST YOU.** Address, Edna I. Smythe, South Bend, Ind.

**\$300** Genuine Conf. money for \$1. \$100 for 50c. R. MAXWELL, Box C, South Bend, Ind.

**FITS** I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 54, Kansas City, Mo.

**YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE**

From cradle to grave—past, present and future correctly treated and success assured in love and business. Mysteries revealed. My horoscopes are wonderful diviners; send date of birth and stamp, and I will send you, entirely free, a horoscope of your life, or if you send 10c. I will also send a description of the person you should love, and my wonderful magazine of New Ideas. They call me the wonder of the twentieth century, because of my true predictions. Only this thirty years old, I have made over \$100,000. I may make you equally successful if you heed my advice. Address: Prof. N. F. Astro, Box 3693, Philadelphia, Pa.

**TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!**

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, Box 137, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

**FREE \$1000 REWARD FREE**

Will be paid to any person that can prove that we do not give absolutely free for selling only six boxes of the wonderful Ovee Headache Tablets, and with a further expense or work, a beautiful Gold plated Watch-Chain and Charm, six double plated Tea Spoons, no Butter Knife and one Sugar Shell. Any one can easily earn a beautiful gold plated, ladies' or gent's size, hunting case, stem wind and stem set Watch and other valuable premiums by selling our Remedy. We want good agents and are willing to pay them liberally to introduce our goods. We have a reputation for honest dealing and to prove it any person that will sell only six boxes of our Headache Tablets at 25c. per box, will receive a beautiful gold plated Watch-Chain and Charm, six double plated Tea Spoons, one Butter Knife and one Sugar Shell. Remember, we guarantee our Watches to be perfect timekeepers, and equal in appearance to many Gold filled watches that are sold as high as \$50 & guaranteed for 30 years. Don't send a cent. Order to-day and when sold send us the money and we guarantee prompt shipment of all your premiums. Address: OVEE REMEDY CO., Watch Dept. E 324 New Haven, Conn.



**The Secret FREE**  
**A Beautiful Bust**  
and a Perfect Figure.  
Full information how to develop the Bust 6 inches will be sent you free, in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Inclose stamp to pay postage.  
Address:  
**AURUM CO., Dept. HB, 53 State St., CHICAGO**

## A LIBERAL OFFER.

**TELLS HOW AND WHY YOU SUFFER.**  
If sick or ailing Give name, age, sex, troublesome symptoms and I will send you a disease FREE and BOOK that fully method of treatment 40 years' work.  
**Dr. J. C. Batdori—Dis—Grand Rapids, Mich.**

## Drunkard

If you, send your name and address with 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" in a plain package with full directions free, how to give it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drunk Habit, and will cost you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes.  
**MILO DRUG CO., Dept. 19 St. Louis, Mo.**

## MORPHINE

Easy, permanent home cure. Absolutely painless. New Chinese discovery for Morphine, Opium, Laudanum and kindred drug habits. Confidential Correspondence Invited. Trial Treatment FREE. Chinese Drug Co., 71 Pierce Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**WEALTHY** Respectable young widow, no children or near relatives, wants to trade her honest husband. Address Grand, 195 Washington St. Chicago.

**RETIRED** Business Man independently wealthy, never married, wants poor but honest wife. Address MR. WELLES, Real Estate Board Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**YOUNG WIDOW**, no children; owns fine farm and other property; also \$10,000 cash; wants kind, reliable husband. HART, 47 Park-av, Chicago.

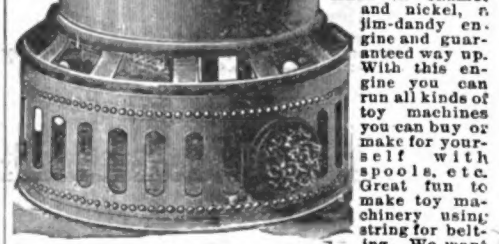
**MARRY 10,000** MANY RICH. MARRY STANDARD COR. CLUR, Sta. C, Chicago, Ill.

## Real Steam Engine FREE.

**EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.**

Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring, Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack, Safety Valve, Whistle Complete, Boiler with Heater, stands 8 inches high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for yourself with spoons, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery string for bellows. We want every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only three yearly subscribers to our big five color magazine at 25c. each. This small club of three amounting to 75c. pays for the full subscription for the three addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

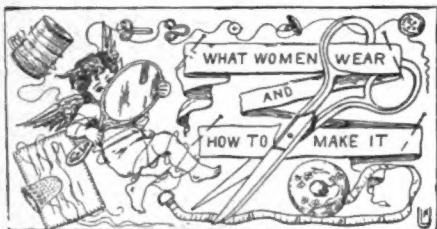


every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only three yearly subscribers to our big five color magazine at 25c. each. This small club of three amounting to 75c. pays for the full subscription for the three addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Gold Lined Silver Dish FREE!

To introduce our famous little Giant Oxien Pills, giving all the chance to derive the wonderful benefits from these new life-giving wonders, we send two boxes absolutely free, all charges paid. You sell the Pills for 25c. per box, send us the money within 20 days, 50c. in all, and we give you as a premium this wonderful Gold Lined Silver Dish free. These dishes are warranted quadruple plated silver; they are fluted top and beautiful and useful ornaments; they are suitable for dining table use, or used as side dish for bon bons they are elegant and will last for years. Send your name and address at once so your friends can derive the great benefits coming from the use of Oxien Pills and you get the profits as the dish can be sold in a minute for 75c. These Pills are noted for their quick action on Liver, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, and special organs of either sex. All ills vanish as if by magic if you use these Pills. Send quick so as to be sure of a dish before they all go, and get full particulars of our great money-making agency proposition, where you get hundreds of dollars from a one dollar investment. Address, THE GIANT OXIE PILL DEPT. M, Augusta, Maine.





WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



THE complete tailor-made suit after suffering a partial eclipse, promises to shine out brilliantly again this spring. Nevertheless, outer garments will continue to be worn a great deal. Not only such as can be included under the elastic term "wraps," but smart coats, paletots and capes, besides many fancy garments.

Tailored skirts are made quite long all around, and on many a slight train is affected. Gored breadths and fitted tops finished with a flounce, promise to be equally fashionable. The former are sometimes cut so as to widen out from the knees, at each seam, so as to provide sufficient material in the lower part of the seam to make a plait. Very similar to this skirt is one plaited flat, the plaits stitched down to the knees and then hanging loose.

Some coats of the tailor-made suits are cut with a long basque, others with the jacket having rather short basques. Louis XVI. or straight-fronted coats, promise to be much worn. Then there is the Eton, with long points in front, and little habit, basque or "postillion" back.

The new coats and jackets, whether they belong to a suit or are intended as separate garments, will be made so that they may be worn open or closed. Many have the wide shaped collars, more or less covering the shoulders, and all garments have the necks cut very low. Revers are very wide and trimmed with silk or otherwise fancifully ornamented. Great diversity of opinion exists in respect to sleeves. For costumes, the favorite style will be the double sleeve, the under one tight fitting and reaching down over the wrist, the upper one moderately wide, open or draped, and falling some way below the elbow. The new paletot sleeve, rather wide, is gathered in half way down the forearm, beneath bands of trimming, and finished by a reverse gauntlet or funnel cuff. Some of the boleros or more fanciful jackets will have straight sleeves trimmed or with turn-back cuffs, hardly reaching below the elbow, and showing half the blouse sleeve or ruffles of lace. Evening wraps and dust coats will generally be made with immense draped sleeves.

Homespun is a favorite material, and many costumes will be made of cashmere, but for the more useful kind of suits serge promises to be used. Veilings are to divide favor with washing materials, some of the veilings have a slightly rough surface and resemble homespun, only much thinner, and some are almost as fine and smooth as Swiss muslin; between these two extremes there are many different thicknesses and textures. Small checks of the shepherd's plaid description are being shown, and the hair line effects are also resorted to. The buttons for fastening coats are of many different sorts, some of them being extremely ornate, those inlaid with gilding on dull silver and black steel grounds will be the most favored—also enamelled buttons, and for dressy garments, cabochons, formed of clusters of spangles, white pearls and pink coral beads.

Gimp buttons are shown with tassels pendant from the center; these are for ornament only and not for use.

Scarfs, made of soft silk gauze or chiffon, ruffled with lace, sometimes entirely of white and black lace, and again of spotted silk net and chenille are a pretty addition to many smart coats. They are fastened under the collar, and knotted in front like a cravat, or drawn through rings of silk passementerie.

The monotone idea is going to force itself very strongly into the front in millinery mat-



ters this season. We will have hats made in a material in one color and trimmed with materials that will exactly match it in tone. In these cases white and red will be the most popular colorings, although black of course will be seen, as will also light blue and pink to a limited extent. White will be the most prominent of all. It assuredly is going to be a white season, and in millinery as well as in dress effects is this the case. It makes no difference what the style of the hat is, white will be the favored color. Materials, braids, chiffons, flowers, ornaments, and even fruit and foliage will all be seen very much in white. Hats made entirely in flowers are very much in vogue. I saw one made of red geraniums, Tricorne in shape, and relieved simply by a cockade of self material, a bit of wide red ribbon and standing out in bold relief, a cabochon of pearls and rhinestones. A stylish walking hat was made of straw braid of a fine quality. The crown was round and medium high, being flat on the top. The brim was wide with a slightly upward flare all around and bound with black velvet ribbon about an inch wide. Around the crown was some soft fancy silk slightly draped and more than half covering the brim, the whole was then topped off by a simple black quill. This is a very desirable and practicable hat besides being effective and chic in appearance. Quills are in vogue again and on certain forms are very effective and taking.

Veilings with a hemstitched border are in favor. Especially the chiffons, which really require and will stand far more ornamentation than the fancy meshes. Chiffon veiling draped around the hat will be seen to some extent; besides the hemstitched border these are adorned with little figures and designs in various colors, light shades being the most favored. Diamonds and double diamonds, the double effect being obtained by the use of two colors, are figures that will be used very much. Other geometrical effects, such as circles and double circles, the one interlapping the other, are also favorite forms.

Everywhere we go those little linen embroidered turn-over collars force themselves upon our attention. White is by far the most popular body tone, but besides this, light shades are seen, these being the same as are employed for

# 5-DROPS A HOME DOCTOR

## THAT NEVER FAILS TO CURE RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA

Sciatica, Lumbago, Colds, Coughs, Grip, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Nervousness, Backache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Croup, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Malaria, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Sleeplessness and Blood Diseases.

Such testimony as we print below from grateful people who have been returned to perfect health after all hope was given up is certainly sufficient to convince any one that "5-DROPS" is the most remarkable medical discovery of the century. Its effect upon disease is incomprehensible, and in many cases seems incredible. Many of its cures border on the miraculous.

**SUFFERED FIVE YEARS WITH CATARRH.**  
HATTIE SMITH, Wausau, Wis., writes: "I suffered with catarrh for the last five years. No doctors could help me. Sometimes I was unable to hold up my hand, and was deaf for five years. After taking three bottles of your '5-DROPS' I feel better than I ever have before, and am able to work all day. I can truthfully say that '5-DROPS' is the best medicine for catarrh, and no household should be without it."

**CURED OF NEURALGIA BY "5-DROPS."**  
MINNIE WATSON, Rowland, N. C., writes: "We have used your '5-DROPS' in our family and find it the best medicine we have ever had. My mother has been cured of neuralgia of the stomach of about ten years standing. She thinks it is the best medicine she has ever used. I know that your '5-DROPS' will relieve any form of pain, no matter what the cause may be, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of recommending it to many poor sufferers. May God bless you in your good work."



## PREVENTS SICKNESS; CURES DISEASE.

A bottle of "5-DROPS" should be in every home. It saves both money and suffering. It will save doctors' bills and prevent sickness. You cannot afford to be without it. It has cured thousands and thousands of people who have been given up by physicians as beyond help; many were treated by so-called specialists and pronounced by them incurable.

It is powerful in its action, yet absolutely harmless. It kills the germs which cause disease. "5-DROPS" is a cure for indigestion. "5-DROPS" is healthful. "5-DROPS" makes new blood, and plenty of new blood. "5-DROPS" builds up a weak stomach with walls strong as steel. "5-DROPS" cures your backache, makes your kidney trouble disappear, dispels that sick headache. "5-DROPS" renews your heart action. It is the greatest heart trouble remedy discovered by man. "5-DROPS" cures nervous prostration. You will have no sciatica if you take "5-DROPS." "5-DROPS" will make eczema vanish as if by magic, leaving you with a clear, white skin. "5-DROPS" is the best remedy known for gout. The worst chronic case of dyspepsia disappears at once before regular doses of "5-DROPS." You should always have "5-DROPS" in your home. "5-DROPS" cures earache, headache and toothache. The long train of diseases caused by malaria are powerless to your system the moment you begin taking "5-DROPS."



## POSITIVELY CURES RHEUMATISM IN ANY OF ITS FORMS

"5-DROPS" will cure Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. It does not matter whether you are suffering from inflammatory, Nervous, Muscular or Articular Rheumatism. "5-DROPS" if used as directed will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure.

"5-DROPS" is both an internal and external remedy, which acts quickly, safely and surely, never failing to cure this dreaded disease. Swanson's "5-DROPS" taken internally will dissolve the poisonous acid, remove it from the system and cleanse the blood of all impurities, thereby effecting a permanent cure. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted parts will stop the rheumatic pains almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use. Aches, pains and soreness disappear as if by magic when "5-DROPS" is used. No other remedy in the world will stop a pain so quickly or effect a cure of rheumatic trouble as soon as "5-DROPS." It is the greatest blood purifier in existence, and is a remedy that every family should keep on hand ready for use in case of emergency.

## CATARRH AND ASTHMA

and also inhaled, thus giving a thorough systemic treatment, which effectually kills the disease germs, and removes from the system all of the poisonous matter which tends to continue and aggravate these ailments. "5-DROPS" quickly stops the unhealthy and offensive discharge from the nose, clears the head, and breathing immediately becomes easy and natural.

## TEST "5-DROPS" FREE AND CONVINCE YOURSELF OF ITS CURATIVE POWER.

A trial bottle will be sent free of charge to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any of the above named diseases. All that we ask in return is that you take it as directed, and you will find it all that we claim. It costs you nothing, and you need feel under no obligations whatever in securing the trial treatment which we offer.

NOTE.—Large size bottle (300 doses) will be sent prepaid to any address for \$1.00. If it is not obtainable in your town, order of us direct. Agents Wanted.

**WARNING.** If any unprincipled dealer offers you a substitute for "5-DROPS" don't accept it. No other remedy will do its work. It contains no opiates in any form. No alcohol; no salicylates to ruin the stomach, or any drugs which only deaden the pain and never effect a cure. "5-DROPS" is perfectly harmless and can be taken by a child as well as an adult.

**SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.,**  
160 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.

NOTICE—Swanson's "5-DROPS" is a household remedy that every family should have, and we advise our readers to take advantage of the liberal offer made by SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., and secure A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE OF CHARGE. Cut out the coupon and write them at once.

## COUPON

No. 11000  
CUT THIS OUT

and send it with your name and address to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, and you will be sent a bottle of "5-DROPS" free, postpaid Write Today.



embroidery on the white ground. Blue, pink, yellow, green, all light and having a pastel tint, are the favorites, together with black. There are a variety of ideas in the shapes of the turn-over. Some show the turn-over portion in a single piece, while in others it is split in the middle; again, it is shown in three pieces, and even in four, two on each side. They are not meant for particularly dressy wear, but for every day use they are most effective and pretty; besides they can be readily laundered and thus kept in perfect condition until worn out.

Now a word or two of the strongest Fashion tendencies in jewelrydom. In gems, the turquoise still comes in for a good share of favor. The novelty of the season, however, is the cameo; this beautiful Greek gem is inexpensively imitated and is adapted to jewelry of all sorts. After the cameo come the large cut imitation amethysts, emeralds, rubies, sapphires and rhinestones, all are used both singly and combined with small pearls and imitation diamonds. The very latest buckle is called the "Dolly Varden." It consists of three oval medallions with black center, ornamented by hand-painted and enameled flowers in natural colors, and surrounded by a rich gilt border. It is in the popular dip-front shape, and the general style might be called either Colonial or Pompadour.

## Curious Things to Know.

We know very well that we are born, and all of us are interested in ourselves enough to know what kind of a start the fates have given us at birth. Therefore this rule is something to remember, whether it will always exactly come out, or not:

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,  
Thursday's child is sorry and sad,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child must work for its living.  
Those who think Friday is an unlucky day will have to change their minds if they believe in the rest of this prediction.  
Another form of the prediction is as follows:  
Monday for health,  
Tuesday for wealth,  
Wednesday the best day of all;  
Thursday for crosses,

Friday for losses,  
Saturday no luck at all.  
So much for the days; now for the months in which we may happen to be born if we are girls. The boys are not counted in this table.

If a girl is born in January she will be a prudent housekeeper, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatter-box, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be pretty.

If in May, handsome and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably good looking, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical and probably marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind, and of a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

Here is another sign that every one ought to remember who wears shoes, and most of us do.

Worn on the side,  
Some rich man's bride;  
Worn on the toes,  
Spends as she goes;  
Worn on the heel,  
Think a good deal;  
Worn on the vamp,  
Surely a scamp.

Here is something about your fingernails which is worth treasuring:

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune.

Pale or lead colored nails indicate a melancholy disposition.

Broad nails indicate a gentle and bashful nature.

Round nails show a love of knowledge and liberal sentiments.

Narrow nails mean ambitious and quarrelsome disposition.

Small nails mean littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Red and spotted nails indicate a warlike temper.

Nails growing into the flesh at the sides indicate luxurious tastes.

How much may be in these signs that is trustworthy cannot be stated positively, but many of them have been handed down to us from time immemorial and though implicit reliance may not be placed in them, a sufficient number of them have come true to prevent the entire discrediting of the prediction. Put them in your scrap book and make a note of their correctness as you go along.